

MAY 12 1921
Maurice Hewlett: Mark on Sir Walter

Yearly Subscription, \$4.50

Single Number, 75 cents

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The Sewanee Review

Quarterly

EDITED BY
GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE



April-June, 1921

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PUBLISHED BY
THE SEWANEE REVIEW, INC.
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE

Entered at the postoffice at Sewanee, Tenn., as second-class matter.

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THE SEWANEE REVIEW

VOL. XXIX]

APRIL, 1921

[No. 2

A LITTLE SONG TO GOD

Thy lapsing sun hath spread the sky
With colors like a peacock's tail;
Like some good dog the moon doth fly
Upon its trail.

And high upon a hill I sing
The note Thine heaven hath struck from me:
O he that loveth anything
Must worship Thee!

O beautiful to know Thou art,
To dare the adventure of Thine earth:
A wingèd joy within my heart
Laughs back thy mirth.

BEATRICE RAVENEL

Charleston, South Carolina.

MARK ON SIR WALTER

In Mark Twain's *Letters*, lately published, you may see how, in writing to Mr. Brander Matthews, he lays out Sir Walter Scott. He takes off his coat to it, lands him a right and a left, and knocks the Shirra out of time in about three rounds.

"Brander, I lie here dying, slowly dying, under the blight of Sir Walter. I have read the first volume of *Rob Roy*, and as far as Chapter XIX of *Guy Mannering*, and I can no longer hold my head up nor take any nourishment."

And so on. You know his fighting style. It is pretty work, great sport; but it meant something. It meant that he was in a rage with what he took to be some outrageous bladder of pretence, put there for the old world to boast of, and therefore for him to punch. So he punched in a string of fighting letters, each more aggressive than the one before it. What he did not see, and never did or could see, was that with every punch at the enemy a repercussion flattened himself, and that when Sir Walter lay prone, far flatter than he and far more spent lay Mark Twain.

There is a tale, I think in *The Innocents Abroad*, where one of "the unholiest gang that ever cavorted through Palestine", was shown a sacred flame which, he was told, had been burning for a thousand years. The cavorter was ready for that, as for most things. "Well, I guess it's out now", he said. And it was. To us who are familiar with ruined symbols (in a world littered with them) and the piety which first set them up, that is a disgustful tale; but it extinguishes the teller as much as the lamp. To us it seems that you might as well flout the dead body of an old woman as the dead body of an old belief. What fun, on those terms, has not been made of the Bible? It is the *peculium* of the parodist. Now one may make fun of *Hamlet* to any extent, but it remains uncommonly difficult to produce anything better than *Hamlet*. In the letter which I have quoted there is a something at the end which shows that Mark himself had a suspicion. Walter Scott, he says—

" . . . was great, in his day, and to his proper audience; and so was God in Jewish times, for that matter; but why should either of them rank high now? And *do* they? Honest, now, *do* they?"

He may not have believed it, as he goes on to say, but he suspected it. Perhaps, as he wrote his letter, he remembered that Homer did not cavort through the Troad, nor Milton through Eden, nor Dante through Hell and Heaven, and yet were great, even to him. But here's a singular thing in his next letter to Mr. Matthews:—

"I finished *Guy Mannering*—that curious, curious book, with its mob of squalid shadows jabbering around a single flesh-and-blood being—Dinmont . . . finished it and took up *Quentin Durward*, and finished that. It was like leaving the dead to mingle with the living: it was like withdrawing from the infant class in the College of Journalism to sit under the lectures in English Literature in Columbia University. I wonder who wrote *Quentin Durward*?"

I don't hold a brief for *Guy Mannering*. It is not a favourite of mine; but what under the sun did he find in *Quentin Durward* which he could not have found there a thousand times better done? There's the wind on the heath, there's the sea, wild life, wild weather, and above all there are the gypsies. They make the book, they are the book. *Quentin Durward* is well enough; the young man himself is a real young man; the Balafré is a real fire-eater—but France is not there, the fifteenth century is not there. And how could he find Colonel Mannering "squalid"? He could not. "Squalid" is a punch. The Colonel may have been a "walking gentleman", but he was a gentleman, and a typical parent of the period. He is not at all more arbitrary than Sir Thomas Bertram, or Mr. Bennet. As an astrologer you might find him comic; but astrology itself is rather comic nowadays. Trust Jane Austen, however. She knows about it all. The type existed. Sir Walter was not far from it himself, highly honoured parent though he was. Read his letters to his eldest son in Lockhart, to his son, a young Hussar in Dublin: "These letters you will not fail to deliver"; "You will keep

careful accounts of your expenditure". You will do this, do that—to a young man handsomely of age.

No—Mark Twain was in a rage, and like all men in such a passion, undiscerning. He lit upon some big bow-wow of Meg Merrilies, something of the Norna of the Fitful-Head vein:—

"My post must be high on yonder headland, where never stood human foot save mine—or I must sleep at the bottom of the unfathomable ocean, its white billows booming over my senseless corpse."

That is Eracles' vein, and the true Mrs. Siddons vein. It is difficult to read, but not more impossible than Corneille when you allow for the convention. If Mark had not been so cross he would have been the first to know that in imaginative writing the fact's the thing. If he himself had been a hunter for *le mot juste* he would not have chosen "squalid" as a description of Colonel Mannering.

That easy line of attack, which would be equally deadly against Jane Austen and Charles Dickens, was adopted the other day by Mr. George Moore, who, in a published conversation with Mr. Gosse, tore into ribbons some such rhetoric from the Waverley Novels. What he did not choose to see, what Mark Twain probably was unable to see, was that while Scott's drama is hardly ever less than striking, hardly ever false to art or life, his language may be as conventional as you please. You will find speech as stilted and as insipid in *Tom Jones*, which Mr. Moore professed to admire. You will find ten times worse in Shakespeare. If you cut out everything but the conversational style in literature, what have you left in, after Chaucer? The inference, in Mr. Moore's criticism, obviously was that you had Mr. Moore left in; and I suspect that Mark Twain had something of the sort at the back of his mind. I am obliged to them, but—

I have lately read through a number of the Waverley Novels, as I do every year, never without local and temporary annoyance—the sort of annoyance I get from the Shakespearean clowning—but never, all the same, without loving Walter Scott. Lockhart says somewhere very truly that they all smell sweet. So

they do. They smell of the country. And however ridiculous, preposterous, strained they may be, they deal with great things in a great way. "How few friends one has", he says himself, "whose faults are only ridiculous." The only fault of these books is that they are occasionally absurd. They are the conceptions, and in the robes, of a noble-minded man. And he can scale the heights. Diana Vernon might be a heroine of Shakespeare's, Jeanie Deans is beyond Shakespeare. Nicol Jarvie has Shakespearean quality. Jonathan Oldbuck is like a Don Quixote of the East Coast. After Shakespeare, Cervantes was his master, for he invariably loved what he set out to chasten.

But what does it all come to? Why, to this, that if a writer is of noble mind, and can rise to the grand manner in his argument, you can stomach a deal of infinitely poor manner in the conduct of it. The fact is what life exacts and art has to give; the "garment thou seest it by" is of less account. But let no one think that Scott cannot soar on his quill. There is an image in *The Pirate* which will wash out Norna's heroics. The Udaller is going down to the fishing, his guests after him:—

"Without giving vent to observations which could not but be disagreeable to their host, they followed his stately step to the shore, as the herd of deer follows the leading stag, with all manner of respectful observance."

That is Homeric, and Scott is often Homeric. Like Homer, he may be allowed to nod.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

Salisbury, England.

THE SOCIAL CRITICISM OF LITERATURE

The noteworthy fact in the history of recent publication is the disappearance from the popular magazines, even of the better class, of the critical essay, the form of writing that deals in a rather free yet serious manner with general ideas. An attempt to remedy this condition and to furnish adequate media for publication of prose writing which combines a free play of general intelligence with attractiveness of form, has led to the establishment at various universities of quarterly magazines. The result is that the critical essay is coming more and more to be the special charge of the university. The purpose of this paper is to consider some of the changes that may be expected to appear in view of this different status of critical writing, and to suggest a new function of literary criticism as an academic specialty.

The cause of this changed status of the critical essay is doubtless economic. For the type of literary essay that formerly appeared in the English reviews there is no longer a market. Furthermore, the vast growth of every department of knowledge has led to specialization, and thus has tended to crowd the essay of general interest from the field. It now requires extraordinary assurance or exceptional versatility for a writer to deal, as did Matthew Arnold, with critical valuations of poetry ancient and modern, with Biblical and theological questions, and with contemporary problems of politics and sociology. The evolution of knowledge has tended to divide the field between journals and publications devoted to special subjects, on the one hand, and popular literature, on the other. Popular writers supplying the demand of the market emphasize the sensational, the sentimental, and the dramatic, over the critically intellectual. The demand of the public for distinction is in personality rather than in intellect. On the other hand, the special journals are technical in method and vocabulary; and in their demand for authentication and established certitude are impatient of the cavalier theories and generalizations of the critical writers of a generation ago. From this it is evident that literary criticism, unless it is to become

a lost art, must enlist the financial support of some foundation, preferably the modern university.

In coming into academic recognition and patronage literary criticism will probably undergo modifications. Owing to the accepted principle by which universities seek the advancement of knowledge—the division of labor—the field of criticism will have to be delimited so as not to overlap wastefully the other domains of knowledge, and criticism will be obliged to seek some more objective and authoritative basis than the mere individual opinions and personal convictions of critical writers.

As a step toward elaborating these points it may be well to present some definitions of criticism. In its widest possible sense literary criticism is writing about writing, books about books. The creative writer represents or reacts upon some phase of man or nature, and the critical writer reacts upon the representation or reaction of the creative writer. In doing this he simplifies, condenses, and edits. Typically, though not in all cases, he "restates the concrete in terms of the abstract". A less general definition of criticism assumes a twofold division of the field of literary study: the first, exposition, assuming the point of view of the author, and aiming solely at the elucidation of his purpose, method and technique; or the explanation of his product by reference to the intellectual traditions, the personal forces and the environmental conditions that made it possible; the second, criticism, aiming at a judgment of truth or value by reference to some authoritative standard. In still more detail criticism may be classified as impressionism or appreciation; historical criticism, philology, or exact scholarship; æsthetic criticism; and judicial criticism.

As regards suitability for academic patronage impressionism or appreciation are not, I believe, likely candidates. The demand of the university for evidence, for probability, for certitude, its prevailing scientific spirit, is more or less at variance with the temper that produces work of this kind. Besides, impressionistic writing of good quality is more certain of a popular market, and thus more independent of institutional support. It will doubtless survive within the university as an avocational by-product of a few teachers of languages, and will continue in

general as the expression of people of leisure and independent taste.

The second form of criticism—philology, historical criticism, or exact scholarship—is the special protégé of the university. Aiming primarily at the discovery and verification of fact, and hence characteristically without general interest of subject-matter or attractiveness of form, it has lacked a market in the popular publications. Moreover, in its efforts to preserve or discover knowledge pertaining to the past, it is too remote from the contemporary interests of the reader of the popular magazines. This form of criticism has within the recent past represented a large proportion of the total quantum of university output; and it will doubtless continue as one of the special fields of university activity. Its aim, however, is rather the preservation than the dissemination of information, and its function, the building of a firm basis of knowledge upon which the teacher of literature may present subjects of more general interest and usefulness to the mass of students and the reading public. In fact, philological scholarship should ideally be considered a species of literary capital, abstaining from the immediate enjoyment of the literary product, and expending itself in fashioning the tools that make for certitude and completeness of exposition, to the end of a greater, if a vicarious, literary enjoyment. Exact scholarship, from the point of view of the narrower definition of criticism, is a phase of exposition. And, as usage goes, its devotees speak of themselves as scholars rather than as critics. Criticism, as the term is generally understood, refers to discussion—to exposition or evaluation of contemporary writing. If not impressionistic it is either æsthetic or judicial. Æsthetic criticism is another form of exposition. How a writer secures his effects, the sources of literary impressions, the nature of the comic, the tragic, the sublime, the beautiful, the grotesque, the pathetic,—these are subjects of special academic interest, the concern of the psychologist and the student of æsthetics.

The remaining type of criticism, not the traditionally judicial, but something akin to it, is what is to be considered in this paper from the point of view of its proper function in the academic economy. By this class of criticism is meant a more or less

authoritative pronouncement upon current books or writings as regards their truth or soundness for the education of public taste and intelligence. Criticism in this sense is a live art, having contemporaneousness as its essence, and aiming at the maximum dissemination of knowledge and the maintenance of the most vital relations between specialized learning and popular thought. Literature and art in some form are social necessities. There is little danger of the degradation of either the natural or the social sciences by popular support of careless or flashy work, but there is always a possibility of this in the field within which criticism operates. Literature, with its union of thought or opinion or prejudice, its intellectual content, with charm or stimulus of form, is essentially persuasive in its nature. Style in writing is the counterpart of personal magnetism in speech, and hence is a dangerous weapon in the hands of the interested propagandist, the indolent traditionalist, or the immature intellectual adventurer. The function of what—adopting a term of Professor Buck's—might be called the social criticism of literature, would, then, be the academic, and hence relatively authoritative validation or invalidation of the claims of contemporary poets, novelists, and dramatists to be guides of popular sentiment. It is, in brief, the offering of expert advice to the general reading public. Its function is to distinguish that which is true from that which is merely interesting. In the words of Mr. Brownell, "it would apply the criterion of reason to the work of ascertaining value apart from mere attractiveness".

The peculiar problem of this, as of all other forms of judicial criticism, is the difficulty of "validating its decisions for the acceptance of others". And this has been the rock upon which all forms of systematic or deductive criticism have ultimately crashed. The rules of Aristotle, the canons of classical criticism, are now universally admitted to be arbitrary and irrelevant. And in the past the critic who employed these or similar deductive standards in opposition to the creative writer almost invariably met with defeat. In fact, the critic has been characteristically ineffectual in cases where he has opposed the creative writer, because he has lacked convincing grounds of opposition. He has had no more formidable evidence than the man he opposed;

it was the case of the opinion of one man against that of another; and the critic lacked, in comparison especially with the poet, most of those persuasive and insinuating forces that could be subsumed under the general caption of beauty. Judicial critics resisted with utter futility the poetic claims of Wordsworth, Keats, and Byron; in fact, in the early nineteenth century the critics went down in decisive defeat. Their successors 'played safe' as appreciators or impressionists, or as philologists waited until the writers were safely dead, and then delved industriously for their bones. But of recent years there has arisen something of a revival of judicial criticism in reaction against the excesses of realists, naturalists, imagists, impressionists, and other radical or semi-radical groups, so that the conflict assumes some of the aspects of a burning question.

To confront the problem, the essential point is the establishment of a standard of criticism. And this standard, for a number of reasons, will have to do with content rather than with form. In the first place, on the principle of specialization, the poet, the creative writer, is concerned largely with acquiring a mastery of the minutiae of his technique. The critic, contenting himself with only such technical knowledge as is necessary to understand the writer, has more time and energy to apply himself to a study of those phases of life and knowledge and belief that constitute the content of the writer's product when it is "restated in terms of the abstract". Besides, the writer is sometimes actuated by impulse, passion, sentiment, or prejudice. He is often the diviner, the only half-conscious mouthpiece of his time, his class, or his party. He may create by means of imagination that has not stood the test of reason; by conscience, the voice of the past; or by intuition, which may be of exceptional authority, but which may, on the other hand, be only a name for a fusion of complex motives that have not been analyzed. The critic, through his wider philosophic scope and better trained judgment, exercises his special function of "ascertaining value apart from mere attractiveness", and thus protects the public from false but persuasive prophets, and officially recommends those teachers whose doctrines are such as will prove socially beneficial. The poet, the critic, and the public

form a declining series as regards a necessary knowledge of technique. The business man, the industrial worker, may appreciate a poet, like Kipling, for example, instinctively by the ear. His conscious response to the poetic technique need be no more than a recognition that he can march to the music. What remains in his mind is a form of viewing man and nature, a political attitude, an embryonic philosophy of life, a norm of conduct. And this philosophy of life, this standard of action, it is the function of the critic to judge.

But what of the standard of criticism? As has been noted before, neither impressionism nor exact scholarship nor classical judicial criticism will suffice. There remain the possible standards of taste, of reason, and of social utility.

The quality of taste has been the foundation of much excellent literary criticism, but it is obvious that this is no universal or unvarying arbiter. Tastes differ, and, according to the proverb, there is no disputing about them. Besides, although taste is a very valuable artistic faculty, its field is practically limited to artistic form or technique, and hence its exercise is mainly irrelevant as regards matter, which is the chief province of social criticism. As a standard of criticism that stops short of rational or logical criteria, taste is a species of cultivated impressionism, the culture precipitating from study of literary masterpieces of the past, and operating by reference to these as norms or touchstones. Hence, there is much pertinence in the criticism of taste as ultra-conservative, as inapplicable to the solution of problems arising in those relations in which life is in flux and in need of new principles of adaptation. In brief, since taste is essentially traditional, it is incapable of pronouncing upon those problems that have arisen since the crystallization of the traditions on which it is based. Although its contributions to the appreciation of artistic form are invaluable, taste, as a standard of criticism, falls into the same slough of relativity as the other methods. In attempting to enforce its decisions it is driven to the same devices of persuasion—style, irony, emphasis and sincerity of manner—that characterize the creative writer or poet. The measure of its cogency is personality rather than intelligence. Hence, when in opposition

to the poet, it competes in a field in which it is seriously handicapped.

Other proposed standards of criticism are rationalized taste and social serviceability. While pointing in the right direction, and indicating the most fruitful methods, these will need some further particularization before they can furnish such a definite standard as to justify their exemplars in looking to institutional support. The principle that is proposed in this paper is that the best way of attaining to reason and a judgment of social serviceability as a means of determining the value of literature, is a study of the social sciences in addition to aesthetics. The preparation of the critic would be as full as possible a knowledge of metaphysics, ethics, psychology, economics, sociology, and anthropology; and, for the rest, a disposition to cooperate with the special workers in these fields.

The special function of the type of critic here imagined would be the evaluation from the standpoint of a general knowledge of what is being done in the social sciences, of the current literature and art which, in addition to being interesting or recreational, is also by purpose or implication didactic. From the above observations it would appear that the philosopher and the sociologist have already the equipment for the most reliable of literary critics; but there are practical difficulties in the way of their working in this capacity. Since in America the study of philosophy and sociology is confined almost exclusively to the college community, the specialists in these fields are partly engrossed in the routine of teaching and partly in the special problems of their departments, toward the solution of which they are expected to contribute. The literary critic as an academic specialist would not be expected to add to the sum of knowledge in any of these lines of human interest, but would need in a general way to keep abreast of the times. In place of productive scholarship he could substitute a breadth, a capacity for integration and correlation, and a faculty for ready application of general principles to a direction of the stream of literary tendency.

In view of the absorption of specialists in the departments of social sciences in their own special activities, there has been none, to my knowledge, who has concerned himself with any no-

table success with the work of literary criticism. Many of the most successful of modern authors, however, have approached literature from the point of view of an interest in economic or ethical or sociological questions. George Bernard Shaw has adopted the drama as his medium of expression, since he considers it the most effective instrument to the end of socialistic propaganda. The only question of the social critic in cases of this kind is whether the writer is giving currency to doctrines that are in harmony with the consensus of opinion of specialists in the fields in question. If the experts are not agreed, it would be the duty of the critic to inform the public that the doctrine which was so attractively presented was still in question among those who were most qualified to decide. Another tendency that might obviate the need of our imaginary critic, or much lighten his responsibility, would be for the authorities in special subjects of human interest to take the pains to develop an effective literary style, such as was possessed by Huxley and Fiske, and more recently by Bryce, Dickinson, Veblen, and others. In fact, the rather special article written in excellent and untechnical English appears not infrequently in such acceptable periodicals of the better class as the *Atlantic Monthly*, and compensates in part for the loss of the more general essay of the kind that came from the pens of Arnold, Newman, and others a generation ago.

At the present time the bulk of the serious and effective criticism in America is the work of university professors of English or editors of current periodicals. This criticism naturally reflects the temperament or training that is fostered by the requirements of success in this department. A professor of English is pretty sure to have a command of the technique of historical criticism. He frequently also by temperamental proclivity and traditional education possesses literary taste; but his ignorance of the social sciences is often about coextensive with the whole field. Hence, his serious professional research is characteristically devoted to the field of historical criticism. So thorough and extensive has been this work that exact scholarship in the field of English has of late years begun to present the aspect of a worn-out mine. When one comes to spend his time digging for facts about books that are not studied in the

class-room or read by the public, he is likely to feel that he has applied his intellectual capital and labor some distance beyond the point of diminishing returns.

✓ However it is, of recent years a number of our abler university teachers and scholars have gone into the field of critical pronouncement upon such literary works as are the subjects of college reading or contemporary popular interest. Professor William P. Trent, Mr. W. C. Brownell, Professor George E. Woodberry, Mr. Paul Elmer More, and Professor Stuart P. Sherman are among the most distinguished of these. A common characteristic of the writing of all these men is their distinction of style. In respect of method and the standard of judgment employed there is some degree of variance. The critical writings of Professor Trent might be characterized as a graceful and persuasive discussion of the objects of his own literary affections. This dignified impressionism of Professor Trent's earlier years does not seem to have quite satisfied his professional conscience, since he has devoted himself of recent years to strenuous research. With the writings of Professor Woodberry I am not sufficiently familiar to hazard a generalization. Mr. Brownell is one of the most acute of modern writers on literature, art, and æsthetics. And he is the master of a style of great intricacy and beauty, but far too involved to serve as a medium of popular exposition.

Perhaps the most characteristic of the contemporary school of American literary critics are Mr. More and Professor Sherman. They agree notably in their method—judicial criticism—and in the bent of their critical judgments, an approval on the whole of earlier or traditional standards of doctrine and literary form, and a condemnation of present radical or naturalistic tendencies. The philosophy that is at the basis of Mr. More's *Shelburne Essays* is the dualistic philosophy, a version of Platonism. The grace and precision with which these essays are written, the scope of thought, and the entire consistency of exposition, will make this work of permanent value; but it is obvious that the final validity of this criticism, its ultimate social value, depends upon the soundness of the basic philosophy. In this connection our critic might look for light among his friends the philoso-

phers. If they agreed that Platonism is probably the most accurate view of the world, he would accept their opinion, and half the problem of criticism would be solved. His function would then be to continue the work of Mr. More, and to distinguish among contemporary authors those who wrote from the true or Platonic inspiration from those whose intuitions were wayward and unsound. But, if the philosophers as a rule should be sceptical of Platonism as a guide to life and conduct, and this scepticism should be shared by the psychologists and the sociologists, the critic would then question the finality of Mr. More's critical judgments, and leave the matter in suspense pending further discoveries in the fields of knowledge or a more illuminating synthesis of knowledge already at hand.

One of the most representative of the new school of American judicial critics is Professor Sherman. His brilliant analyses, his command of style, irony, and satirical epithet, make him a formidable opponent of all radical or innovating tendencies in current literature. As the champion of dignified American tradition he may be profitably studied as a representative of the conservative tendencies in American criticism. The basis of Mr. Sherman's judgments is partly literary taste and partly a system of philosophy. His taste is based upon the English literary tradition that became crystallized prior to the period of the French revolution. His philosophy, as expounded lucidly in his essay, *The Humanism of Shakespeare*, is a species of dualism in harmony on its ethical side with the more liberal phase of the early spirit of puritanism, and roughly to be summarized as a rationalized mid-Victorianism. In harmony also with the earlier English tradition, Mr. Sherman is an exponent of that individualistic self-reliance that from an early date was a prevalent American ideal. The abundance of free land in the country until within recent years, the undiscovered or undeveloped mineral resources, the infant but growing industries, offered a practical equality of opportunity to every American in the fields of agriculture, mining, and industrial enterprise. This condition favored ambition, energy, and initiative; it fostered respect for private property, a disposition to judge each man's success as a measure of his personal worth, and a tendency to resent social and governmental

interference as an infraction of one's natural liberty. In addition to the force of traditional American ideals there are, one might presume, other conditions that tend to accentuate Mr. Sherman's characteristic conservatism. Mr. Veblen has recently pointed out that conservatism is a normal trait of human nature; it is based on a psychological principle analogous to the law of inertia; and there is only one condition that is actively hostile to it,—an experience of economic pinch. Now, the successful university professor of English is secluded from those contemporary and personal storms that would tend to sweep one into the path of evolutionary change. The student of literature in quest of "the best that has been thought, felt, or done in the world", ranges imaginatively through the past and acquires the historical sense. Hence, the present and the near future lose the special value that they have for discontented spirits as opportunities for innovation and readjustment, and retain significance more in proportion to their relatively slight contribution to monuments of permanent beauty and expressiveness. Again, the spirit of elegant literary tradition is a survival from the time when authors wrote under the support of aristocratic patrons, the well-to-do, or the leisure class; and when, as in the case of the modern popular novelist, they were influenced inevitably by the demand of the market. Furthermore, the successful professor of English, who draws a salary of \$5,000 or more—although he may be a type of monastic frugality beside the industrial leader of equal distinction—surrounded as he is by shoals of half-destitute instructors, has attained, relatively at least, to those guarded heights of economic security which, according to Mr. Veblen, are the *natural* grounds of the conservative attitude.

As regards the validity of Mr. Sherman's criticism, the standard of taste that he employs is open to the same objections on grounds of relativity that were considered above. So far as the philosophy of dualism operates as a standard, its validity, according to the method of coöperative criticism, is to be established by a consensus of opinion of men who have made their business a study of philosophy. And, if their approval is withheld, the conclusions of Mr. Sherman's criticism should be supplemented by a footnote to the effect that the bases of this

criticism are still unestablished, according to the dicta of the best available expert opinion.

As regards the doughty conservatism of Mr. Sherman's attitude toward social questions, the economist and the sociologist, according to this method, might profitably be consulted. And it is probable that they would disapprove of some features of his system. While commending his power of contributing toward the conservation of those values that would unfortunately be lost in a world of rampant intellectual bolshevism, they would hardly approve of his assumption of the superiority of a static organization of social life. The economist might point out that the conditions of American life have greatly changed within the past twenty years; that since the frontier has disappeared and free land is no longer available, there is imperative a readjustment in the conditions of rural life; and that, since cities have grown with astounding rapidity and the tools of production have passed largely into the ownership of capital, there are adjustments to be made also in this field. And the sociologist might suggest that in view of these changes the approximate equality of opportunity that existed throughout the early period of our republic no longer obtains; that much of our present literary anarchism is the sublimation of a sense of injustice; and that the rational remedy would be an external reestablishment of equality of opportunity through the force of governmental control and social organization. The sociologist might also point out that, since the human brain is the organ by which man has attained dominion over the animal world, its chief function is to secure that readjustment to a changing environment that is the condition of survival; and again that, since literature and art are crystallizations of the sentiments that arise as concomitants of the inevitable struggles of life, the critical standards by which they should be judged should also be of contemporary origin and based upon the acceptance of certain principles of change. In view of this alteration of perspective the social critic might venture to infer that much of our best contemporary criticism is rather one-sided, in need of supplement and annotation. Of course, he would at present hold this opinion only as an hypothesis; for after a more complete weighing of expert testimony and evidence he might

unreservedly approve of the standards and conclusions of the best contemporary criticism.

This acceptance of a consensus of opinion of specialists in the social sciences as the basis of deductive criticism will make possible something like an authoritative standard for literary judgment. And it would free judicial criticism from the charge of dogmatism; for the critic would pronounce with confidence only when he knew that he was supported by the weight of expert opinion; and the authority of his decisions would increase with the growth of knowledge. Then he might be constructively useful within the university through his efforts to correlate and integrate, and to further order and harmony within the educational system. In the light of recent events, it seems obvious that just this correlation of the conclusions of specialists is desperately needed in the world to-day. As a noted educator observed a decade ago, "the Germans know everything, or soon will". They did not know enough, however, to refrain from starting the most costly war in history. And, if they fall behind in the march of civilization, it will not be because they lacked ambition, energy, perseverance, scientific technique and a minute subdivision of labor, but because they left their learning at loose ends and accepted and acted upon a hasty and sentimental synthesis. There is probably no greater need in the educational world to-day than for trained workers to get together, to practise that coöperation that has so conspicuously succeeded in the field of industry, and, metaphorically speaking, to splice the loose or broken strands of learning so that twentieth-century man may give a communal heave upon the tow-line that draws the ship of state away from the breakers into the harbor.

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HENRY ARTHUR JONES AND THE NEW SOCIAL DRAMA

In an address delivered some years ago at Harvard, Viscount Bryce made the statement that "nothing is more important than that each generation and each land should have its own writers". This opinion, coming from so reliable an authority, suggests that we should place a revaluation upon our contemporary literature. In our zeal for the old classics, in which we were trained and which it is our first duty to know, do we not neglect the cultural and educational inspiration to be derived from many present-day writers?

The future historian of the literature of this century will chronicle two outstanding movements: one a remarkable poetic revival, the other the creation of our modern social drama. The beginnings of both can be traced in the decade of the '90s, the twilight of the Victorian Age; both were fully launched by the year 1900. Not since the high tide of the Elizabethan drama has there been such a swarm of poets and playwrights, and so much selling and buying and reading of books of poems and plays. Many reasons will occur to the thoughtful reader why he should turn his serious attention to the contemporary drama.

The novel, which has held an almost unchallenged literary primacy for two centuries, is deteriorating into a lean and slippered dotage. Like the heroic couplet of the eighteenth century, it has attained a smug, mechanical perfection, in which it is difficult to distinguish between the work of novice and of master. It is the age of 'best sellers', an abomination to the Muses. Since 1890 the supremacy of the novel has steadily waned before the rising drama. The play has grown increasingly significant and important, and many believe that the best thought of our age is finding its highest artistic expression in the work of such playwrights as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. George Bernard Shaw, and Sir James Barrie.

In the master hands of these men and others the popular acting play, as in the time of Shakespeare, has once more risen to the dignity of literature. It has again made good its claim to

recognition as the most human and social of the arts. As the Tudor drama was the social history and the national epic of England in its day, so the new drama lends itself with more perfect adjustment than any other literary form to the development of the communal spirit of the twentieth century. It has, through the organization of local stage societies and little town theatres, proved useful in unifying the interests and activities of many communities. In such centres it is keeping alive the play instinct among our people, old and young; is awakening discussion of vital social questions; and is creating a wholesome and constructive civic spirit.

Tolstoi struck the keynote of the new drama when he defined the art of the modern playwright as—

“not primarily a pleasure, a solace, or an amusement, but rather a great instrument whereby man is enabled to sympathize more largely with man, quickening his consciousness of human brotherhood.”

The drama at its best is democratic, sociological, and humanitarian. I refer, of course, not to the cheap, commercialized plays sent out on mercenary missions around fixed circuits by the New York syndicates, but to the literary drama—poem-plays, thesis-plays, and sermon-plays by moralists and artists of recognized ability. Thinking men everywhere rejoice at the sign of *rapprochement* between the church and the stage. Mr. Jones's *Saints and Sinners* brought Matthew Arnold back to the stage after years of absence for conscience's sake. After seeing the play, he exclaimed: “The theatre is irresistible; organize the theatre!” Puritan England sadly forgot that the English drama was the daughter of the church, that the chancel was the cradle of the mediæval play, that the first actors were priests, and that the first plays were Bible stories retold. Many church folk, including not a few of the clergy, have realized that public morality and religion have no stronger ally than the thesis-play of to-day.

The drama of the nineteenth century was characterized by a dormant inactivity, broken now and then by sporadic outbursts of melodrama or highly romantic closet-plays. The drama of the

twentieth century, judging by its accomplishment during the first two decades, is entering upon an era of artistic promise and moral strength unapproached since the death of Shakespeare. The best social aspirations, the noblest ethical ideas are being interpreted by our leading playwrights. The greatest ferment and upheaving force of this century is apparently socialistic. Social betterment is the slogan of the age. The drama, the most composite of the arts, has seriously assumed the share of the burden of reform which literature can best bear. It is taking stock of the assets and the liabilities of our troubled and restless social order—its brutalizing poverty, its economic injustices, its misdirection of energy, its awful waste of life,—and is trying to create a saner public opinion and to suggest wise solutions. The play of to-day is attacking the ugliness of modern life, the mad pursuit of money, our vulgar material standards. It is trying to bring back into life the joyous artistic instincts from which so much of the happiness of the people springs. In many quarters platform and pulpit are welcoming the play as a powerful ally.

One of the ablest exponents of the aims of the new drama is Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the distinguished English playwright, essayist, and lecturer, recently a visitor to this country. For over two decades he has been recognized as a leader in the dramatic revival, one of the four greatest living playmakers in literary style, power of thought, and story-telling skill. He is a self-made dramatist, having learned his art by obscure hackwork and humble apprenticeship to the craft of the contemporary stage. He was born in Buckinghamshire, England, on December 20th, 1851, of good yeoman stock, and received the strict puritan training usual with provincial farmers. He obtained the rudiments of an education at Winslow School, but was taken from school and put to work at the age of thirteen. A memorable visit to the Haymarket Theatre in London in 1870 started him on his career as playwright. His early literary efforts were rejected by various newspapers and magazines. He at last secured a hearing, however, by writing a series of clever and popular farce-comedies and romantic melodramas. Examples of these early efforts, slight but pleasant, are *Breaking a Butterfly*, a free adaptation of Ibsen's *A Doll's House*; *Saints and Sinners*,

a play portraying the inconsistency between a man's religious profession and his conduct; *Silver King*, the story of a victim of blacklegs and gamblers; *The Manœuvres of Jane*, a farcical study of the struggle between filial disobedience and love; and *The Lackey's Carnival*, an effort to penetrate the character of servants. Included in this period are a number of one-act plays, seldom rising above the commonplace, such as *A Bed of Roses*, an irascible father's reconciliation to his disowned son; *A Clerical Error*, in which a minister, due to a misunderstanding, proposes to his ward; and *Sweet Will*, a quiet pastoral play in which the course of true love finally runs smooth. Situation and mechanical ingenuity hold an important place in all these sketches of middle-class society.

In 1889 Mr. Jones abandoned spectacular melodrama and the well-made conventional comedy, and presented the public with a more modern type of realistic character-studies. Although his work shows the influence of Ibsen, the master-builder of the new drama, he did not go to the extreme of heart-breaking tragedy created by the great Norwegian. In his desire to make the drama a purifying social force, he turned aside from the task of catering to the amusement-seeking crowd to appeal to the small circle of the judicious. *The Middleman*, for example, was written to portray the desperate economic struggle between capital and labor, anticipating Mr. John Galsworthy's *Strife*. It was followed by *Judah*, which has as its theme the keen conflict which science wages with spiritualism, and *The Dancing Girl*, which presents the sharp contrast between the old puritanic view of life and the easy-going, cynical attitude of the upper classes. *The Case of Rebellious Susan*, a clever and convincing play, is the story of the revolt of a spirited wife against modern social conditions. Wifely indulgence is suggested as essential to a happy marriage. In cases of marital infidelity women dare not retaliate in kind. Theoretically, there should not be a double standard, but the laws of society, under which we have to live, are necessarily unequal in their application to woman. Socially, what is sauce for the gander is not sauce for the goose. Similarly, Elaine, a character in the sub-plot, asserts her rights industrially and politically, but is a failure as a wife. According

to the conservative author, "conventions rule the world, and individualism is impracticable". In this group may also be included *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, one of Mr. Jones's most interesting plots. It tells of the unsuccessful attempt of a reformed young woman to conceal her past in her effort to win a husband.

The three dramas last mentioned also involve social problems. In his development Mr. Jones has cultivated more and more the drama of discussion. His important characters are all confronted with some moral dilemma, from which they can escape only after fierce debate with their consciences. He is primarily an artist, but is a moralist too, and is not content unless his play also catches the conscience. He writes sermon-plays to drive home some powerful lesson of justice, righteousness, and ethical conduct. Present-day society is shown to be dull, selfish, scheming, snobbish. In various plays the author attacks hypocrisy, shams, worldliness, pharisaism, love of pleasure,—all forms of the life-lie.

One of his best comedies, *Mary Goes First*, is a keen, delightful satire on a group of social climbers in a middle-class rural community, involving a struggle for precedence between two ambitious women of contrasting types. In *The Hypocrites* a young curate enforces one law on the high-born and the low-born for a common sin. *The Liars* is the study of a wife sailing too close to the wind in a flirtation, a searching satire on the smart set. *The Lie* tells the story of a social scandal long concealed, with the consequences of a sister's deception and treachery due to a rivalry in love. In several of the plays mentioned Mr. Jones, following the example of Hall Caine, has translated biblical themes into modern examples. We observe, too, his fondness for "the priestly hero" caught on the horns of a moral dilemma, generally involving a question of conscience and religion. In his analysis of character he seems also to have specialized on "the wayward woman". Audrie Lesden, Drusilla Ives, Letty Fletcher, Susan Harabin, Felicia Hindemarsch, Lucy Shale, and Julia Wren, are but a few of the victims of passion, temptation, and sin, wonderful focal studies of the "eternal feminine".

Mr. Jones's dramatic method is seen at its best in *Michael and His Lost Angel*, one of the strongest of his plays. It may be

regarded as a sermon-play on the text: "For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me". A minister of strict ascetic character succumbs to the charms of a vampire woman, and sins. The author's central theme is the influence, at first degrading and afterwards ennobling, of the woman's stronger personality upon the minister. Love, that conquers all, is his bad angel and his good angel in turn. His cry *de profundis*—"Why should n't we make our love a lever to raise our souls?"—is realized when the end comes, bringing a great peace out of pain. The play does not conform to the unities, and follows no fixed structural pattern. The dialogue is beautifully written, and the pictures of rural scenery are accurate and realistic.

Without Pinero's *finesse*, Shaw's brilliancy, or Barrie's intuition, the author relies successfully on force and effect in the mass. He was one of the first of the new dramatic school to insist that his plays, while intended primarily for the stage, should stand the test of being worth while in printed form as well. In fifty-five plays he has reproduced to a nicety the manners, tricks of speech, and idiosyncrasies of character of several hundred midland folk. He has played on these people his searchlight of burlesque humor and good-natured satire, and has enriched his pages generously with nuggets of worldly wisdom, the by-products of a genial philosophy of life. "Partly because he is a man of cultivated talent", says Professor Walter, "rather than of sheer genius, a study of his work is of great value to the student of dramatic technique."

GEORGE ARMSTRONG WAUCHOPE.

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THREE POEMS

FOR FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

(After reading his *Complete Poems*)

They say he will not come, although the spring
Will scatter flowers over Irish grass
Where summer will tread slumbrously and pass
For autumn rains and winter's covering.
He cannot hear the blackbird; Boyne can bring
No song to him; he cannot see the mass
Of gorse beyond the oak where trysting was;
He lies far off from Ireland's blossoming.

Yet in these pages we may keep the tryst
He made with Beauty, and, enchanted, go
To the white hawthorn in the shadowed glen,
Or watch the sunlight burning up the mist,
And see the river winding, flashing, slow;
Then here, to meet us, he will come again.

DAWN-WIND

Sweep through my being
And purge it of pain,
Dawn-wind, fleeing
Down Lake Champlain!

Of Earth the Mother
None is so fleet,
Not even thy brother,
The Sun, to greet
My waking eye
Before I know
Thee whirling by;
For blossoms blow,
And everywhere
I find a dream
Has grown more fair.

What things which seem
Can ever be
More full of wonder
And mystery
Than wind brought under
God's mastery?

Sweep through my being
And purge it of pain,
Dawn-wind, fleeing
Down Lake Champlain!

—
PROMISE

"A thousand infant faces, soft and sweet,
Each year sends forth."—SARA COLERIDGE.

The winds of March blow down the frozen ways;
Snow melts; runnels meander through a maze
Of broken channels.

The sun is warm; the branches of the trees,
Though leafless, yet are quickened by degrees
With hidden life.

Behind the bark new buds await the hour
When, venturing forth, slowly they grow to flower
In strength and grace.

Spring is the herald of the summer-time,
As freighted argosies in former time
Foreshadowed wealth,

Bearing their burden from a southern land,
Spices from India, silks from Samarcand,
To homeland ports.

Perchance unseen our treasure-galleon lies
Beyond our sight, bearing a richer prize,
Immortal freight,

Our spring's desired flower, small and furled,
Brought from the garden of another world
Whose God is Love.

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THE RADICALISM OF JEAN PAUL MARAT

To the person whose knowledge of the French Revolution is limited to the ordinary one-volume works on that period of history, the name of Marat suggests the acme of radicalism. Even the readers of the larger histories and of the biographies of Marat are not likely to discover anything that would cause them to regard the Friend of the People as an opponent of the more liberal ideas of his day. While several writers have mentioned incidentally that Marat did not believe in the republican form of government in the early years of his life, none has devoted any appreciable time or space to the consideration of the changes in his political tendencies. Even Aulard, in his *Histoire Politique de la Révolution Française*, although he has given in passing some ten or twelve pages, scattered throughout his book, to a study of Marat's republicanism, has indicated only the most conspicuous points of his political development. The traditional conception of Marat as the staunchest of republicans has therefore gained so many adherents that it is perhaps worth while to point out that, far from being the foremost of the radicals of his day, he was one of the latest of the important revolutionary figures to renounce monarchism and to accept the republic, if he accepted it at all.

The earliest indication of Marat's political ideas is found in what seems to have been his first work, *Les Aventures du Jeune Comte Patowski*, written when he was about twenty-six years old. Here, with the reverence of a royalist, he wove a veil of romantic glamor about a group of Polish nobles. One of his characters proclaimed that, while he detested bad princes, "the world . . . sees naught more august upon the earth than a virtuous and wise king".¹ Later, in a novel of a similar nature, *Les Lettres Polonaises*, which was probably written not long after (c. 1772),² the hero was filled with great admiration for the

¹ *Un Roman du Cœur . . . d'après le manuscrit autographe . . . par le bibliophile Jacob*, Vol. II, pp. 69-70.

² The authenticity of this work has been questioned; but see *Polish Letters*, published by the Bibliophile Society of Boston, translated from the

English monarchical constitution, and with contempt for the common people.³ The first work of a political nature that Marat published was *The Chains of Slavery* (London, 1774). It was an attempt to show how kings became despots by manipulating the clergy, the army, the treasury, and the legislature in order to render themselves absolute. Although the term 'sovereign' was transferred from the ruler to the people and the king considered nothing more than the prime minister of the country, yet his arraignment of royalty applied only to individual monarchs and not to the institution of kingship. Indeed, the French version of the work, which, although unpublished until 1793, was the original from which the London edition was translated, contained Marat's belief that "a good prince is the noblest work of the Creator, best adapted to honor human nature and to represent the divine", and the still more conservative opinion, held by the majority of the pre-Revolutionary philosophers, that the republican form of government was best fitted for small states.⁴ Here was a recurrence of the lack of confidence in the common people, who "pay willingly to tyrants all the duties that they arrogantly require".⁵ In spite of the fact that his main thesis was an attack upon the increasing despotism of kings, throughout the entire work, nevertheless, he exhibited his faith in monarchy where abuse was not practised. When he published his *Plan de Législation Criminelle* (1780), although the liberal ideas already noted reappeared, coupled with the startling opinion that regicide ought to be treated as simple murder, yet, far from advocating the abolition of monarchy, in this treatise he assigned to the king the definite office of minister of the law, speaking in its name for the public welfare. Marat's king, therefore, was not a mere figurehead, but a magistrate with a definite duty to perform, for which he was held

original manuscript, in the possession of Mr. Bixby, Vol. I, pp. 79 ff.; and cf. facsimiles of chirography. The date is easily fixed between 1772 and 1777, for the book seems to have been written in England, where Marat sojourned until 1777, and contains a reference to "the news just come relative to the dismemberment of Poland". (Vol. II, p. 196).

³ *Ibid.*, (vol. II, p. 198).

⁴ *Les Chaines de L'Esclavage*, p. 24.

⁵ *Ibid.* (English edition, London, 1774), pp. 98-99.

responsible. In 1785 appeared the *Éloge de Montesquieu*. Though Marat never accepted the English monarchical constitution in its entirety, as did Montesquieu, in this eulogy the *Esprit des Lois* was reviewed without any adverse criticism whatsoever. Perhaps Marat was more anxious to win the prize which the Academy of Bordeaux was offering for the best appreciation of Montesquieu than to express his own views. At any rate, there can be no doubt that at this time he was a disciple of the author of the *Esprit des Lois*, in so far as the latter was an advocate of enlightened monarchical government.

Marat's attitudes and relations towards kings and kingship were not merely theoretical, but invaded the realm of actuality. He did not relegate all good kings to a mythological age, rare though he thought they were. Charles III of Spain he considered "a great king", "a good king",⁶ and Frederick of Prussia "the greatest of kings".⁷ Nor was it in words alone that Marat showed himself a monarchist. He held the office of Doctor of the Guards of the Count d'Artois and, in addition, seems to have answered some verbal attacks upon the Count. He even went to the point of applying for a title of nobility and using a coat of arms. Certainly, these striking evidences of monarchistic leanings justify the conclusion that before 1789 Marat was not in favor of a republic. He held the ideas conventionally entertained by the majority of the political writers of the eve of the Revolution. He was a constitutional monarchist, like most other people.

One would have expected that with the coming of the Revolution these political theories would have undergone a change. The first pamphlet that Marat published during the Revolution, however, though it repeated many of the liberal views he had formerly uttered, contained a sketch of a constitution that provided for a liberal monarchy. The king was given jurisdiction over foreign affairs, some share in internal administration, and the right of making appointments. In a supplement to this pamphlet, he argued for the separation of the executive from the legislative power, but desired the presidency of the Estates-Gen-

⁶ Chevremont: *Marat, l'Esprit Politique*, Vol. I, pp. 40 and 63.

⁷ Vellay: *Correspondance de Marat*, pp. 91-92.

eral to be vested in the first prince of the royal house or the first officer of the crown. Louis XVI he called the "Father of the People", invoked blessings upon his head, and throughout the entire *Offrande* and its supplement chanted a pæan to the royal idol that no advocate of a republic could have sung.

When the first Committee of the Constitution rendered its report, it is true that Marat issued a pamphlet, *Le Moniteur Patriote*, criticising the proposed constitution because it concentrated too much power in the hands of the king, and, in a *Projet d'un Plan de Constitution, Juste, Sage et Libre* (August, 1789), advocated universal suffrage, the divorce of the legislative and executive powers, that "the sanction of the prince be a simple formality", and that the king be vested with jurisdiction over international affairs alone.⁸ Yet, despite his anxiety to circumscribe the monarch's power, he believed that monarchy was the only form of government fitted for France.⁹ He even stated his belief that "the Prince must be examined only in his ministers; his person is sacred".¹⁰ At about the same time, in a letter to the President of the Estates-General, he opposed the plan of Mounier and the Anglophiles to give the king a large share in legislation. It is clear then that, although Marat, as a liberal monarchist, desired to restrict the king's power greatly, he had no intention of actually abolishing the monarchy.

On September 12, 1789, appeared the initial number of the *Publiciste Parisien*, later called the *Ami du Peuple*. The very first issues contained bitter denunciations of what Marat thought to be the counter-revolution. The attitude of the ministry and the aristocrats in the Assembly was becoming a cause for alarm. Necker, especially, was attacked on the ground that he was counselling the king to demand that the executive power with

⁸ Chevrement: *Marat, l'Esprit Politique*, Vol. I, p. 109, and Bougeart: *Marat l'ami du Peuple*, Vol. I, p. 172.

⁹ Chevrement, *loc cit.*, Vol. I, p. 108: "In a large state, the multiplicity of affairs demands the promptest expedition, and solicitude for its defence demands the greatest speed in the execution of orders. The form of government ought therefore to be monarchical; that is the form that befits France."

¹⁰ Michelet: *Révolution Française*, Vol. II, p. 378, quoting *Plan de Constitution*, p. 43.

all its former prerogatives and privileges be restored.¹¹ Marat feared that the king, himself infected with this royalist propaganda, was planning to flee. When he discovered that the Count of Artois had been in communication with foreign countries, he urged that Louis and the Dauphin be put under guard and the Queen and the Count imprisoned. This spirit of reaction he found particularly embodied in the proposed constitution. He saw in the right of veto bestowed upon the king and in the bicameral legislature weapons placed in the hands of the monarch that would give him the power of a despot. He also objected to the fact that the Assembly could not convene unless convoked by the executive. Yet, much as he feared the concentration of powers in the hands of the king, his only objection to the Assembly's declaration of the inviolability of the royal person and of the indivisibility and heredity of the throne was that the prerogatives of the crown had been considered before the rights of the people had been established. This, too, was his only objection when the National Assembly declared the French government to be a monarchy.

As time progressed, Marat's bias began to take a more liberal turn. The decree of the *marc d'argent* and the division of France into active and passive citizens seemed to him to violate the equality of mankind. He still maintained that the king was only the minister of the nation, even implying that he was subject to impeachment.¹² Later he declared that the ruler of his own right possessed no powers or authority, but derived them all from the consent of the ruled.¹³ Finally he averred that the person of the king ought not to be considered inviolable, that it was no more sacred "than that of the lowest citizen".¹⁴ To strengthen this assertion, he republished at about this time his *Plan de Législation Criminelle*, with its contention that regicide

¹¹ *Dénonciation contre Necker*, found in Vellay: *Pamphlets, etc.*, pp. 71-120.

¹² *Ami du Peuple*, No 55, November 23, 1789, p. 217.

¹³ *Ibid.*, No. 120, June 1, 1790, pp. 4-8: "... the chief of a nation that has shaken off the yoke is only what the nation is pleased to make him, that he possesses nothing except what the nation is pleased to give him."

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, No. 148, June 29, 1790, pp. 5-6.

was simple murder and not *lèse-majesté*. Despite these liberal beliefs, he still adhered to the monarchy. His faith in Louis, although shaken, was still strong. He lamented that the king must have treacherous ministers who prevented him from conducting himself as he wished. He considered Louis "precisely the man we need" but for his ministers.¹⁵ Far from desiring to abolish the executive powers of the king, he assigned to the ruler the honors of sovereignty, the command of the army outside of the state, the coinage of money, the making of treaties, and the sending and receiving of ambassadors. He desired the power of the monarch null inside of the kingdom, but assigned to him certain very important duties without. Indeed, to such an extent was he a monarchist at this time that he was even apprehensive of the republic. He feared that his adopted fatherland would break up into small, loosely federated republics, which would plunge the nation into incessant civil wars. On one occasion (hoping to ridicule the idea that Avignon had to seek the acquiescence of the Papal States to annex itself to France), Marat cried:—

"Yes, I maintain in the face of heaven and earth, if the provinces of France wanted to-day to erect themselves as republics, there is no power under the sun that has the right to oppose them."¹⁶

It would seem that he considered such a desire on the part of the French provinces preposterous, and cited it only as the most radical instance of self-determination he could imagine.

Until August, 1790, then, Marat's political theories had undergone no essential change. In general, he was in sympathy with the left of the Constituent Assembly, maintaining with them that a carefully limited monarchy was the best form of government for France, but, more conservative than they, asserting that the creation of such a government could best be effected through Louis XVI and the Assembly.

During the next two years Marat's attitude toward the king developed from one of positive personal affection and confidence

¹⁵ *On Nous Endort, Prenons-y Garde*, August 9, 1790, p. 12, fn.

¹⁶ *Ami du Peuple*, No. 207, August 31, 1790, p. 6.

into one of mere tolerance, and was finally to take the form of bitter enmity and hatred, due to the rise of the menace of the counter-revolution. The mutiny of revolutionary forces at Nancy precipitated this change of feeling. Marat, who had opposed the Assembly's part in the affair from the very first, unhesitatingly directed his invective at the king when definite news of the massacre reached Paris. As long as he lived, he said, he would accuse Louis of the crime. In fact, he came to believe that he always had considered Louis "the greatest enemy of the Revolution"¹⁷ and "the chief of the conspirators against the country".¹⁸ He openly accused the king of being in collusion with the *émigrés* and of planning escape.¹⁹ He now looked upon the proposed constitution as a complete failure. Every power granted to the executive, even the command of the army, which he formerly had conceded, he begrudged, and came to the conclusion that the only result of the Revolution had been to assign definitely to the monarch rights which he had enjoyed merely by common consent in the ancient régime. The acridity of his feeling was sharpened by a royalist demonstration in Belfort, while the memory of the Nancy affair was still fresh, but the climax was reached when the king confirmed all of Marat's fears by actually attempting flight. Before Louis returned, Marat urged that he be obliged to abdicate, and on June 25th demanded that the education of the Dauphin be entrusted to Robespierre in order that he might be removed from the baneful influence of his parents. After the return of the king he began to look forward to the Legislative Assembly to cope with the counter-revolution, but when he found that "the new conscript fathers are no better than the old",²⁰ in disgust he prepared to quit France. In December, 1791, he left for England and returned in March. His journal did not appear again until April, and since he was forced into hiding immediately thereafter for his incendiary attacks, it

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, No. 309, December 13, 1790, p. 5.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, No. 305, December 9, 1790, p. 6.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, *passim*, but see especially No. 380, February 23, 1791, and No. 496, June 21, 1791, the day before the king actually did take flight.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, No. 568, October 6, 1791, p. 3.

was not until August 10, 1792, that he was able to resume an active part in the course of events. On that fatal day, he instituted a series of attacks upon the unfortunate Louis that were eventually to play an important part in the former monarch's death. He repudiated as imaginary the inviolability of the king's person.²¹ He objected vehemently to a referendum to decide Louis's fate. This opposition casts a significant light upon his opinion of popular government, because he was afraid that, in addition to showing partiality to the dethroned Bourbon and discriminating against other criminals, such a course would lead to civil strife. His aim now was to get rid of the king in as expeditious and effective a manner as possible.

Most of the monarchists of the period, when they found that their confidence in the King had been misplaced, pinned their hopes to the republic. But Marat wavered. It is not clear whether he ever actually lost faith in monarchy as the best form of government for France in normal times, but certainly he did come to think that, so long as the particular monarch Louis XVI ruled over the destinies of his country, the Revolution could not be successfully consummated. Under the stress of the Nancy and Belfort affairs, he declared (November 4, 1790) that it was a mistake to think that France necessarily had to be a monarchy and advocated therefore the transference of the reigns of government to a general council.²² Even in the statement of this programme, however, there was the implication that the republican form of government was more cumbersome than monarchy; and in the same issue in which it appeared he still clung to his belief that "virtue upon the throne is the noblest of the works of the Creator".²³ Later he asserted that an hereditary prince must necessarily be an enemy of the people and that "the King of France is of less importance than a fifth wheel to a cart".²⁴ On November 12, he advised the legislature either to restrict the authority of the monarch, or, better yet, to proscribe the crown entirely.

²¹ *Archives Parlementaires*, Vol. 54, pp. 246-249; cf. *Journal de la République*, Nos. 65 and 66, December 4 and 5, 1792.

²² *Ami du Peuple*, No. 271, November 4, 1790, pp. 4-5.

²³ *Ibid.*, pp. 5-6.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, No. 274, November 8, 1790, pp. 6 and 8.

But even here he seems willing to accept a limited monarchy in place of no monarchy whatsoever, and, after the period of comparative calm between November, 1790, and February, 1791, we find him again stating that very carefully restricted monarchy is the best form of government for France.²⁵ When the flight of the king absorbed his interest, his anti-monarchical sentiments dominated him anew, and those who "have not ceased to preach that a state such as France can be only monarchical"²⁶ became the object of his derision. In the following September, however, we find him carrying water on the other shoulder, arguing in favor of restoring the titles and honors of the nobility. The final change of mind came in October, 1791, after the Legislative Assembly had disappointed him, when he was forced to the conclusion that hereditary monarchy was necessarily and inherently wicked.²⁷ This long-delayed utterance is left unmitigated by any reversal of opinion in his subsequent statements.

Obviously, Marat was being torn by a conservative respect for the monarchy and distrust of popular government on the one hand, and by suspicion of the king and the royalists on the other. His temporary bias, one way or the other, depended upon the momentary political situation in France. Having lost faith in monarchy, or at least in Louis XVI, as the means of carrying the Revolution successfully forward, Marat did not seek the remedy for the emergency in the Republic, like most of the leaders of the time. As we have seen, he had no great faith in popular government in general, and, besides, considered the French people particularly unfit for democracy. Wavering as to what ought to be the permanent form of government for France, he turned to the only measure that may be considered original or radical in

²⁵ *Ibid.*, No. 374, February 17, 1791, pp. 7-8: "I do not know whether the counter-revolutionaries will force us to change the form of government, but I do know that very limited monarchy is what is best adapted to us to-day, in view of the depravity and baseness of the supporters of the ancient régime, all so much disposed to abuse the powers that have been confided to them. With such men a federated republic would soon degenerate into oligarchy. . . . As to the person of Louis XVI, . . . he is, all things considered, the King we need."

²⁶ *Ibid.*, No. 434, April 20, 1791, p. 4.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, No. 572, October 12, 1791, pp. 6-7.

all his political philosophy—the establishment of a dictatorship. This demand is first heard in February, 1790, when Marat appealed to his adopted countrymen “to name for a short time a supreme dictator, to arm him with the public forces and to entrust to him the punishment of the guilty”.²⁸ It seems that this cry was premature and for a time it was not voiced again. It is to Marat’s credit that, having once conceived this panacea, he did not allow it to lapse entirely, although it gained no support. In September he renewed the demand. On November 1 and, again, five days before the king fled to Varennes, it was repeated. When, therefore, Louis did confirm all of Marat’s apprehensions by the flight, the self-styled Friend of the People became loud in his demands for a dictator, urging that one be named that very day and threatening to desert his dearly beloved Parisians unless they did his bidding.²⁹ On the following day he made a similar utterance. Although the people did not do as he asked, and although their feeling when the king was brought back to Paris was one of profound relief, Marat did not abandon them. He continued his championing of the dictatorship, and when war with Austria became imminent, standing almost alone in opposition to the declaration of hostilities, he reiterated his belief in the “necessity of choosing once and for all a supreme dictator”,³⁰ and in the efficacy of popular insurrection under a “prudent, staunch, upright and incorruptible chief”.³¹ During the months that followed (April to August, 1792), while the republican movement was growing from an ideal cherished by a handful of dreamers into a universal demand, Marat was able to see no safety for France except in the dictatorship. He appeared oblivious to the development of the desire for a republic. The *Ami du Peuple*, which, because of his having been in hiding from the police authorities, appeared only twenty-nine times between May 3 and August 10, contained no allusion to the prevalent idea of popular government; the very word *république* does not appear. Between August 10 and September 22

²⁸ *Appel à la Nation*, p. 53.

²⁹ *Ami du Peuple*, No. 497, June 22, 1791, pp. 6-7.

³⁰ *Ibid.*, No. 634, April 19, 1792, p. 8.

³¹ *Ibid.*, No. 668, July 8, 1792, pp. 7-8.

Marat was kept busy with his duties as a member of the *Comité de Surveillance*, and consequently his paper seldom was issued. What we have contains nothing to indicate that he desired or even expected the declaration of a republic. In fact, on September 21, the very day before the National Convention, to which Marat himself was a deputy, decreed the Republic, he repeated his demand for a dictator.

Marat has been accused of wishing to make each of several men dictator. We may dismiss the accusation that it was the Duc d'Orleans with the statement that at the time that Marat was advocating the dictatorship, as well as later, he was attacking Orleans as a "prince of the blood" and "of the court party."³² The request that Marat made of Orleans for money was public and cannot be considered a reward for conspiracy, especially since Marat never received the money. There were only two men who met with favor in Marat's eyes. These were Robespierre and Danton, and he has been charged with wishing to create one of them dictator. Marat denied this accusation, saying of Robespierre that he lacked statesmanlike views and audacity, and of Danton that he preferred anything to a throne.³³ Danton and Robespierre themselves repudiated any designs on their part of such a nature, while Marat openly claimed the guilt of preaching the dictatorship without support from anyone.³⁴ Besides, it is hardly possible that Marat, if he had wanted the dictatorship for either of them, would have conducted a campaign of eulogy for both at the same time, or that he would have delayed doing so for a year after he had first demanded such an office. What is most likely is that Marat planned to have the dictatorship for himself. On July 26, 1790, he enumerated the things that he would do if he were tribune.³⁵ In the following November

³² *Ibid.*, No. 187, August 10, 1790, pp. 4-5, and *Journal de la République*, No. 84, December 25, 1792, p. 2.

³³ *Ami du Peuple*, Nos. 648 and 660, but especially *Publiciste de la République*, No. 221, June 19, 1793, p. 2.

³⁴ *Archives Parlementaires*, Vol. 52, pp. 128-142, September 25, 1792, and *Journal de la République*, Nos. 4-5, September 28-29, 1792.

³⁵ *Ami du Peuple*, No. 173, July 26, 1790, p. 7, fn.: "If I were tribune of the people and were supported by several thousand determined men, I declare that within six weeks the constitution would be perfected, that the po-

he made another declaration of a similar nature.³⁶ After the massacre of the Champ de Mars he expressed the wish that he might rally to his command two thousand men to punish the perpetrators of the deed.³⁷ In September he made still another clever bid, although with an ambiguity that was perhaps intended.³⁸ Finally, in July, 1792, in a statement that may be regarded as summing up his entire stand on the dictatorship, although he did not mention himself by name, he practically offered himself for the position.³⁹

True it is that Marat did deny this personal motive on at least two occasions. In one of these denials, however, he made the declaration that after the flight of the king he could have been named tribune, had he wished⁴⁰—a statement which is obviously

litical machinery, well organized, would go as well as possible, that no public scoundrel would dare to derange it, that the nation would be free and happy, that in less than a year it would be flourishing and formidable, and that it would remain so as long as I lived."

³⁶ *Ibid.*, No. 275, November 9, 1790, p. 3.

³⁷ *Ibid.*, No. 524, July 20, 1791, p. 8.

³⁸ *Ibid.*, No. 543, September 2, 1791, p. 6: "All my hopes of crushing tyranny, of breaking forever the irons of the nation and of making liberty triumph, lie in the brave soldiers of the line troops. They need only a chief, a man of head and heart. If the purest sense of civic duty [*civisme*] counts for anything at all, I would want a friend of the people [*un ami du peuple*] for them. I would give one of my fingers right now that they might know my sentiments [*connussent mes sentiments*] and put them to the test."

³⁹ *Ibid.*, No. 668, July 8, 1792, pp. 7-8: "What means are left to us to-day to put an end to the evils that overwhelm us? I repeat, there is no other than popular executions and we shall have to have recourse to that even after fifty years of anarchy, dissensions and disasters, if we ever again resist the despots sworn against us and if we ever wish to be free at last. . . . Only two objections of little weight have been offered in opposition to this plan. One is that it would be impossible to find a single citizen who would fill any office if he had perpetually to fear popular executions. I answer that there is an infallible means of avoiding them. That is to show oneself a good patriot. . . . The other is that it would be dangerous to abandon to themselves a blind multitude. But what prevents giving them a prudent, staunch, upright and incorruptible chief? Where find him? Must you be told? You know a man who aspires only to the glory of sacrificing himself to the welfare of our country. You have seen him at work a long time—but I had better be on my guard against allowing his disinterestedness to be suspected, in case he should ever become the object of your choice and has not himself lost all hope of any longer serving your cause."

⁴⁰ *Journal de la République*, No. 40, November 8, 1792, p. 7, fn. 1.

untrue; in the other he insisted that he would not have taken the tribuneship, if it had been offered, because the fickle populace, which had crowned him in the morning, might have hanged him in the evening,⁴¹ forgetting that this popular fickleness was a fixed quantity that had to be dealt with regardless of whether he himself or whoever else he wanted—for he must have had someone in mind—held the dictatorship. Furthermore, we must remember that he was ambitious; Brissot tells us so,⁴² and if we do not wish to take a Girondin's testimony regarding Marat's character, we have the latter's own confession to that effect.⁴³ In justice to Marat it must be said that he desired, not a Cæsar, but a Cincinnatus—a brief and limited dictator. In one statement, quoted above, he considered as short a time as six weeks sufficient for the duration of such an office. Until September 22, 1792, then, we find him, torn between a distrust of monarchy and a lack of confidence in democracy, advocating the dictatorship as a temporary expedient for weathering the storm of the Revolution.

On that day the Republic was definitely established. Marat did not commit himself for several days thereafter. If he was present at the opening sessions of the National Convention, he took no part in them. For three days after the Republic was decreed his journal was not issued. On September 25 it reappeared, not as the *Ami du Peuple*, but with the startling title of *Journal de la République Française*. In this first number, he expressed his satisfaction with the majority of the deputies and read that issue that afternoon in the Convention by way of apology for a previous declaration of dissatisfaction. In the second issue of the *Journal*, the session of September 22 was reported without any comment, favorable or adverse. Marat seems to have accepted the proclamation of the Republic as a matter of course, but only after the Republic itself was *fait accompli*. Even now, however, his surrender was not complete, for he feared that as long as the king lived, a republic would be too weak

⁴¹ *Publiciste de la République*, No. 221, June 19, 1793, p. 3.

⁴² Brissot: *Mémoires*, Vol. I, p. 359.

⁴³ *Journal de la République*, No. 98, January 14, 1793, p. 2.

to meet the counter-revolution. He consequently refused to have absolute faith in the Republic until the quondam monarch's head should fall from his shoulders. In Louis XVI he saw the rallying-point of the enemies of the Revolution and therefore could feel assured of the liberty and firm foundation of the new government only through the former ruler's death.⁴⁴ Likewise he opposed a popular referendum on the execution of the unfortunate Capet, because the royalists were scheming to keep Louis alive. Finally, when a vote was taken upon the postponement of the execution of the king, Marat demanded immediate punishment, saying that "the Republic is only a house of cards until the head of the tyrant falls under the axe of the law".⁴⁵ It was only on January 23, 1793, after the execution of the unhappy monarch, that he came out definitely with the exclamation: "I believe in the Republic at last!"⁴⁶ At about the same time he republished his *Chains of Slavery* with its statement that a republic was best fitted for small states. Although this might justify the conclusion that he thought France was too large for a republic, the fact is that one of his chief reasons for opposing the Girondists was his fear that they wished to break France up into small, loosely federated republics. On June 12 he announced his acceptance of the Constitution of 1793, which established the Republic one and indivisible, referring to it as "a monument of popularity and virtue".⁴⁷

Marat's acceptance of the Republic required, of course, a reversal of his dictatorship policy. As early as September 25, he spoke apologetically of his demand in that connection, both in his paper and on the floor of the convention. This attitude is to be witnessed again on November 8, when he referred to the matter as belonging to the historical past, and still again on the following day. In December he expressed his fear that if the convention should not be equal to its task, the nation would be

⁴⁴ *Ibid.*, No. 66, December 5, 1792, pp. 3-4; cf. *Archives Parlementaires*, Vol. 57, p. 439, January 19, 1793.

⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, No. 104, January 22, 1793, p. 2.

⁴⁶ *Ibid.*, No. 105, January 23, 1793, pp. 1-2.

⁴⁷ *Publiciste de la République*, No 214, June 12, 1793, p. 3.

obliged "to renounce democracy to give itself a chief",⁴⁸ but later insisted that this was an expression of anxiety for what might have happened if the country's deputies had failed.⁴⁹ After the death of Louis XVI, he devoted a large part of his efforts to living down the reputation he had acquired for having been the chief advocate of the dictatorship. On March 30, 1793, in a *Profession of Faith*, he denied any ambitious intentions in that direction. It is significant that when rumor had it that Dumouriez was marching upon Paris, Marat did not cry for a dictator, as he certainly would have done before September 22, 1792, but urged the formation of a Committee of General Defence to meet the situation.⁵⁰ Furthermore, in supporting the creation of the Committee of Public Safety, he refuted the contention that it would result in a dictatorship—a contention that at one time would have been his main argument in favor of the plan. And, last, when he was brought up for trial before the Revolutionary Tribunal on several charges, one of which was the accusation that he had proposed to establish a *chef de l'état*, his reply to this was an almost categorical denial.⁵¹

The facts thus far would perhaps justify us in concluding that Marat had at last become a staunch republican. His last important declaration in that connection, however, would belie such a conclusion. Addressing the friendly Jacobins, over a week after he had openly accepted the Constitution of 1793, he said:—

"No one has more horror of a master than I. But in actual crises, I want chiefs to direct the operations of the people in order that they take no false steps and that their efforts be not futile."⁵²

⁴⁸ *Ibid.*, No. 84, December 25, 1792, pp. 2-3.

⁴⁹ *Moniteur*, No. 361, December 26, 1792, p. 1535; cf. *Archives Parlementaires*, Vol. 55, pp. 427-428, December 25, 1792.

⁵⁰ *Archives Parlementaires*, Vol. 64, pp. 128-129, April 3, 1793; *Publiciste de la République Française* (successor to the *Journal*), No. 161, April 5, 1793, p. 6.

⁵¹ *Publiciste de la République*, No. 180, April 28, 1793, pp. 4-5.

⁵² *Société des Amis de la Liberté et de l'Égalité, séante aux ci-devant Jacobins*, June 20, 1793, p. 3.

Perhaps, had he lived long enough and had the actual crisis occurred, Marat might again have urged the dictatorship. The possibility of such a contingency was precluded by his sudden death about three weeks after the foregoing words were written. But such a statement, coming almost immediately before his death, renders uncertain how much faith Marat really had in the Republic at any time.

Marat can be considered a supporter of the republican idea for only half a year of his life, if at all. There was nothing that typified radicalism in the career of one who accepted an untried but generally advocated form of government only after it had been safely established, and then, as it seems, with reluctance. Not even in his dictatorship policy can we find an unusual degree of radicalism, since a tribuneship limited both in its duration and in its vested powers can in no wise be called a great departure in the form of government. How, then, does Marat's reputation for radicalism arise? Its source is to be found not in his political opinions, but in the violence of his words, his cries for popular executions, and the vehemence of his attacks. We must make a distinction between thought and expression. In appraising Marat's views on monarchy and republicanism we find that it is his expression, not his thought, that was radical.

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WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

William Dean Howells, in whose death American literature has lost its chief living ornament, and American life almost its purest and highest exemplar, is first thought of as a man of letters. It would be hard to name another American whose production was so early in its rise, so late in its cessation, so unbroken in its continuance. It would be hard to name another who has obtained an equal success in five fields so diverse as fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, and miscellany. The list of titles in a library which I have consulted, excluding duplicates and including ten or twelve little farces, numbered ninety-one. The quality of this work is as remarkable as its abundance. Nothing is blurred or slighted; every thought is consummated, is achieved. Few careless writers have been so prolific; few sparing writers have been more fastidious: to name another American equally fastidious and equally prolific is impossible. The American novel has few achievements which approach, in mass and value, his record of thirty-five full-length novels. Mark Twain is hardly a novelist, Henry James hardly an American. The only national competitor is Hawthorne, and competition on that plane is glory to Howells and no disparagement to Hawthorne.

Mr. Howells and Mr. James were men of letters in a quite vivid and peculiar sense—in a sense, indeed, in which that term, apart from these two men, is almost unrelated to America. To their precursors, and, strangely enough, also to their successors, literature was a sort of annexation. The dedicated spirits, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, added literature to their apostolate; the later pagans, Norris, Dreiser, Hergesheimer, added literature to their worldliness. In Howells and James the additions are made to literature. They were men for whom the quiet, easy, unceasing efflux of thoughts and images into the mind, the quiet, easy, unceasing lapse of thoughts and images from the pen, formed processes almost as complementary and as organic as the inhalation and exhalation of the breath. Exactly why fate should have picked out these two Americans—why in particular it should have picked out Howells—for the exhibition of this un-American property is a problem which resists solution. The re-

lation of this admirable and ineffable plasticity to a mixed Welsh and Pennsylvania Dutch origin, to a waning Swedenborgianism and a waxing anti-slavery fervor, and, finally, to that edge of starvation in which it pleased a pioneer state to keep its drifting journalists, is a point on which I must leave the coming biographer to be vainly copious or wisely taciturn.

A word or two on his rare plasticity and versatility may be conceded even to our meagre space. He germinated rapidly; he matured a little slowly. At twenty, even at ten, he was a surprise to his associates; at thirty his friends had little more to point out than a graceful minor poet and a conventionally judicious critic. Shortly afterward, he sprang into instant mastery of a novel and exacting type of fiction. He left this method for a broader type, which split, and continued to split, into strongly marked varieties. *The Landlord of the Lion's Head*, one of his most original novels, was written at sixty; *The Son of Royal Langbrith*, one of his most dramatic novels, at sixty-seven. A volume of obscure sketches, *The Daughter of the Storage*, published at about eighty, contains matter that half impels the critic to reconsider his weighed estimate of the man. The development was not confined to fiction. In mid-life he put his hand to drama. Light and slight as the output designedly was, he worked in half-a-dozen kinds, and virtually originated a charming variety of farce in *The Unexpected Guests* and *A Letter of Introduction*. The disclosure of his final critical creed was reserved for his later forties; the fifties saw the emergence of his final economic gospel. Last and strangest of all, in the fifties and sixties he matured an altogether new type of poetry, in forgetting which the world will, in my judgment, forget the memorable.

These things reveal the man's plasticity and versatility. But they do more. They hint at things which his plasticity and versatility have tended to conceal. "Your virtues, gentle master", said old Adam to Orlando in *As You Like It*, "are sanctified and holy traitors to you." Mr. Howells's prodigious *faculty* has in a way played him the same trick; it has veiled his *power*. He has been refined to a degree that has wronged his vigor. His sensibility has eclipsed his passion (the moon may eclipse the sun). He has been so copiously, so lingeringly,

absorptive as to blind men to the fact that he is finally original. He has been so inimitably, so transcendently, literary that men fail to note that he is primarily human. Here again the comparison with Mr. James is enlightening. What Mr. Howells appeared to be—the virtuoso in apotheosis—Mr. James was. They started at points not far from each other: but in James the artist gained steadily upon the man; in Howells the man gained steadily upon the artist. He came a little late into his full inheritance. The fine, rare, subtle things came to him instantly, readily, conspicuously; the large primalities revealed themselves with some delay, some endeavor, some reserve. It is not wholly a foolish play of words to assert that his subtlety is obvious; it is for his frankness that one has to search. Many people may be surprised to learn that at bottom the creed of this trafficker in rare shadings and remote distinctions is reducible to two points: "Tell the truth",—which his criticism preaches and his novels exemplify,—and "Love your brother",—preached by his novels and exemplified in his criticism.

Mr. Howells's earliest group of novels, of which *The Lady of the Aroostook* and *A Foregone Conclusion* are examples, are rare and real at the same time. Much the same thing may be said of Mr. James in *The American*, *The European*, and other novels of that time and class. But there was a hidden difference which the divergence of their later paths revealed and emphasized. Mr. James loved the rare in the real; Mr. Howells the real in the rare. It is probable that the quarrel of the younger James with romance was grounded less on its perfidy to truth than on its staleness and senility. At all events, as soon as he found a region in which his love of the rare could disport itself in contempt of romance and defiance of reality, he fled into that region. Mr. Howells, on the contrary, passed from the real in the rare to the real in the common. Mr. James ended (in two senses) in *The Ivory Tower*; Mr. Howells in *The Leatherstocking*.

Mr. Howells, however, could not quite abandon rarity, for the simple reason that he could not quite forsake himself. The formula for the entire body of his fiction may be very briefly phrased. It is realism applied under conditions in which a high state of intellectual and moral refinement supplies half the ma-

terial and all the point of view. The difference of the later novels from the earlier consists in the relative descent and positive enlargement of the subject. The point of view he could not really change. For this reason the broad public—what one might call the unchastened public—have never felt that the life he painted was *familiar*, even when it was exact and intimate. The same thing may be further explained, or explained in other words, by saying that in his work the major drama was too much simplified and the minor drama too much complicated for the taste of the untrained American. His novels are not primers in American life. Mr. Howells was profoundly human, but the key to his humanity was not owned by the multitude.

On the merits of these works in narrative, description, style, and character, there is no time and no occasion to be particular. They have one quality, however, which demands a place in the most unflinching summary. Their aim is truth, and the truth which they furnish is first-hand. This came about, one might almost say, by accident. The author glided into originality, or originality glided into him. By instinct he seems to have been a man of traditions, loyalties, docilities, an eager listener, a glad disciple. But a serious observation of truth for its own sake will lead a man finally to conclusions to which truth and he are the only parties. He came to know truth (human and social truth) in a quite peculiar way; he knew its gait, its physiognomy, its temper. He perceived its variations, trepidations, balancings; he knew its temporizings; he even grasped that equivocation and duplicity in truth which is one of its most untruth-like yet most characteristic qualities. Thinker and artist, he came to have a particular sympathy with those aspects of truth which unfit it for the uses of the normal artist and thinker; and so clear was his mind and so firm his hand that he was able to paint its mists with lucidity and its tremors with precision. His women are all nerves; his truth is all nerves; Mr. Howells reduces both to sanity.

An illustration or two is needed. The mixture of order and disorder, of point and pointlessness, in the march of outward events is a thing almost no novelist has dared to paint, because the novel has been dedicated by its nature and from its birth to

point and order. Read Mr. Howells's story of Maxwell's dramatic fortunes in *The Story of a Play* or Ray's literary fortunes in *The World of Chance*, and observe how art, without sacrifice of articulation, can reproduce the stutterings of nature. He can draw a relation like that between Lyra and Jack Wilmington in *Annie Kilburn* so delicately poised between "No" and "Yes" as to confute the smug de Musset proverb: "Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée". He can draw a character like Dr. Morrell in the same book who shall be perfectly distinct yet wholly featureless, or like Jeff Durgin in *The Lion's Head* who shall be morally appalling without being actively or palpably bad. Last of all, he unites the keenest sense of moral obligation with the liveliest realization of the tragic and comic misfit which results from the application of the immovable thing that we call morals to the infinitely supple thing that we call life.

The character of William Dean Howells has impressed even those whom his work has failed to penetrate. There is a delicacy in the man that momentarily blurs his strength. But the strength is indubitable. He was helping to earn bread for a stinted household at an age when the thoughts of most boys are concentrated in the diamond and the swimming-pool. The Venetian consulate which he obtained in 1861 was the reward of a successful campaign life of Lincoln—a fact which in itself refutes the idea that his own life was a Venetian consulate, viewing the active world from the dreamy distance of a gondola. Unworldly as Mr. Howells was, he was indisputably mundane. A printing-office is the dividing line and the uniting line between literature and business, and the man who brought letters into contact with life haunted a printing-office almost from babyhood.

Few men have written more about themselves than Mr. Howells; none has written with a more touching modesty. In the autobiographies of some men, the upright pronoun "I" is columnar; in Mr. Howells it is always needle-like. But his humility was fearless. There were occasions when he differed from his countrymen on points in which his countrymen were intolerant of difference. His voice neither sank nor shrank in these encounters. The ignominy of living eighty years in total immunity from the stings of the ungenerous was spared to that intrepid spirit.

His entire work was pure with a marmoreal purity, which became more and more impressive, became almost spectacular, as the whirling decades threw off their veils one by one, like Salome in the dance. But the point to which one finally and eagerly reverts is the sheer goodness, the tenderness, the compassion, in which his pages are the counterpart and mirror of his life. It was evinced in many ways; two little tests, taken in conjunction, seem to me peculiarly impressive. No man in youth was dearer to his elders; no man in age was dearer to the young. His friendships, his appreciations, were outreaching; in his hands even criticism was fraternal.

A very large part of his work in later life was devoted to the exposition of the sufferings of the poor and the truculence of competition. His mind dwelt on the primary necessities, on food, clothing, shelter. The return to primalities is the pardon which a high soul asks of itself and the world for the intensity of its early preoccupation with remoter interests. Exactly the same thing happened to Ruskin. With most of us pity is a sentiment; with Mr. Howells it was a passion. He belonged to that very small group of men whose private happiness is materially influenced by sympathy with a class which is not their class. He was favored among men, a man for whose well-being nature and fortune had benignantly conspired, but a shadow lay across his pathway, the colossal shadow of his race. This may not have been the only source of the gloom felt here and there in the later works, making parts of *Their Silver Wedding Journey* ashen, parts of *The Daughter of the Storage* ghastly, and all of *Stops of Various Quills* desolate. But it is hard to believe that the influence was not powerful, and its power is a double testimony to the width and depth of the man's heart and to the darkness of the outer world which that width and depth so vividly reflected. Realism has its price. Mr. Howells, brave to the last, would perhaps have said with Ibñaez's hero in *La Catedral* (a novel his criticism was fleet enough to overtake): "La verdad bien vale la miseria". Truth, certainly, never had a more faithful and fervent disciple; perhaps his name is listed with its martyrs.

THE PURPLE WEST

Where does Europe end and Asia begin?

In a letter to the *New York Nation* of May 20, 1915, the archbishop of Dioclea, in Armenia, raised this interesting question:

"Strange as it may seem, it is far from easy to determine where Europe ends and Asia begins. A friend of mine who lived for a long time on the right bank of the Lower Danube was wont to relate that the inhabitants there considered that whatever came from the left bank came from Europe."

The learned prelate goes on to show that the criterion of distinction cannot be blood or language or religion, and then answers his query thus:—

"The problem . . . is less geographical and ethnical than psychological and moral. . . . The characteristic quality of the European is humanism, which signifies the province and extension of man's authority over nature, the utilization of the world by and the subjection to that fragile but powerful mechanism which is man's brain; the government of living beings and of things by the not less delicate and unavoidable agency of the human reason. . . . Asiatic life, on the contrary, is based principally on naturalism, which reveals the intensity and expansion of nature's influence over man."

This keen analysis really establishes the distinction between the Aryan and the Semitic type of mind. Ever since the Aryans made that prehistoric 'trek' from the high plateaus of central Asia westward into Europe, the West has had a fascination for the Aryan mind. To the Asian Greeks Europe was "The Wide Prospect,"¹—for that is the literal translation of the meaning of the word—the land of opportunity. It typified aspiration, hope, promise of achievement. The western horizon, to the Greeks, bounded their unapprehended ideals. The lost paradise of Greek mythology, the 'perfect' continent of Atlantis, lay for

¹So in Matthew Arnold's famous sonnet. Others derive the word from *Eriþ*—sunset (Aryan), as 'Asia' from *Asu*—sunrise.

them beyond the western wave. There, too, were the Islands of the Blest, perhaps peaks of the vanished land.

The influence of this ideal has been historically a real, even if intangible, factor in the development of the European nations. It powerfully affected the period of discovery and colonization. America, too, has been touched by it. Lord Bryce clearly perceived the persistence of this ideal across the centuries, and admirably saw its continuity when he wrote in *The American Commonwealth*:—

“What Europe is to Asia, what England is to the rest of Europe, what America is to England, that the Western states [of the United States] . . . are to the Atlantic states.”

Literature glows with this idealization of the West. One sees it in the wanderings of Ulysses. It is reflected from Homeric influence—if not from Homer direct—in the first part of Dante's trilogy, where Ulysses pays poetic tribute to the rich experience derived from “following the sun”, a tribute whence Tennyson borrowed that exquisite metaphor in his own *Ulysses*:—

“Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
Forever and forever as we move.”

Bishop Berkeley's famous line—

“Westward the course of empire takes its way”—

will occur to all. But not so familiar is the thrilling use of the idea that around the far West lay beauty, power, opportunity, achievement, as expressed by Count Platen, one of the forgotten poets of early nineteenth-century Germany, in his touching lines upon the exile of Napoleon. The fallen conqueror is pictured as pacing the deck of the frigate which bore him to St. Helena. Suddenly the spirit of Columbus appears and speaks to him words of encouragement and cheer. His last ringing words are:—

“Segle westwärts, sonne dich am Lichte,
Das umglänzt den stillen Océan;
Denn nach Westen flieht die Weltgeschichte:
Wie ein Herold segelst du voran!”

The idealization of the West was native to the pure Aryan mind. The idealization of the East is a relatively late development in the intellectual history of the race, as a patient and acute German scholar, Alexander Riese, has shown in a work entitled *Die Idealisierung der naturvölker des Nordens in der griechischen und römischen Litteratur*. The change of thought was largely due to two factors—the spell of the Orient, which penetrated Hellenic and Roman culture after the conquests of Alexander the Great; and the influence of Hebrew literature, above all, the Bible, with the triumph of Christianity. Henceforth the eastern windows of heaven were a 'magic casement' unto men.

Painters have lavished upon the East all the colors of their palettes. Poets have expended in descriptions of the East all the powers of their imagination. To Milton and Wordsworth it was the "gorgeous East"; to Byron "the land of cypress and myrtle". In *Lalla Rookh* Thomas Moore revelled in a maze of color and spangle. Every bright adjective in the language has been showered upon the East, the favorite word being 'purple'. Whence comes the term? Not from the many-colored dawn, as is commonly supposed in our time, when night has been converted into day by artificial light and men have ceased to rise with the sun. The East, to remote antiquity, was Phœnicia, or at most Persia. And even after Alexander widened the world's horizon and brought new lands into the ken of history, the countries which bordered the eastern coast of the Mediterranean still remained the purple east, the Levant, the land of the rising sun. Of these lands Tyre was, in the words of Isaiah xxiii, 8, "the crowning city, whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honorable of the earth".

Now the principal source of Tyre's wealth was the manufacture of a purple dye made from a tiny mollusc, the murex or whelk. It was the prized color of the ancients, so that purple became a synonym for regality and hierarchic power. The splendid color—originally of the rich tint of clotted blood, and later of various hues, from blue and crimson to a deep violet—fills ancient literature with its gorgeous dye. The priests of Bel and Nebo, of Isis and Osiris, of the Jewish tabernacle,

wore raiment of purple; so did the pharaohs and the kings of Persia and Israel. Esther was robed in purple before she entered the presence of Ahasuerus. Daniel was clothed in purple when the Great King desired to honor him. Greek and Latin poetry abounds with allusions to this royal tint—*purpura regalis*. Horace speaks of the purple tyrants of Greece. The wearing of purple was the outward badge of rank in imperial Rome, as the peacock feather was with the Mongol emperors of China, and was governed by legislation of Augustus and Nero. Roman moralists inveighed against the pride and luxury of its wear. Martial and Juvenal satirized the boast of purple heraldry, the pomp of purple power, with burning words of scorn.

As only a drop or two of the color could be extracted from each shell, the cost of purple was enormous, as much as \$175.00 an ounce for that of Tyre, which was the best. In consequence sellers of purple were among the *élite* of the merchant class in the Roman world. The philosopher Zeno, who combined worldly wisdom and high thinking in an unusual degree, accumulated a fortune in the business, and then retired to the simple life of a Stoic philosopher. Lydia, the purple-seller, whom Paul met in Thyatira, must have been a woman of means, for she owned a house there.

Thus it was that Tyrian purple came to typify the East. But Spanish Tarshish was a daughter of Tyre, and Spain a colony of the Phœnicians. So Spain became a blotch of purple in the far West of Europe. Her rich variety of colors has survived from Tyrian times, and still tinctures Spanish customs and costumes, and over her some of the spell of the Orient still hangs.

No country in Europe, not even the Balkan peninsula, exhibits more of the east in the west than Spain. No country of Europe has had a more ancient and intimate connection with the Orient than Spain. To this day she preserves an infinite variety of oriental survivals—customary, social, psychological, religious. The identity of Spain with the Orient is even physical. Central Spain is a vast, semi-arid plateau fit for little save sheep-raising. Few trees grow on the plains. It irresistibly reminds one of the hinterland of Palestine, the Hauran which Jeremiah (xvii, 6) evidently had in mind when he compared the lot of the

exile to "the parched places in the wilderness". The scarcity of rainfall, too, is another oriental phenomenon. It is less than that of Southern France or Italy or Greece. Southern Spain—Andalusia, Murcia, Valencia—has but two seasons, a wet and a dry. This is Syrian, not European.

Historical forces have supplemented these physical conditions in orientalizing Spain. The Phœnicians gave the name Iberia to the country because it reminded them, by its mountains and its mines, of the Iberia of the Caucasus; or called it "Span" or "Spania", which means the Hidden Land.

But Tyre could not keep her trade monopoly intact. "For King Solomon had at sea a navy of Tarshish [the traditional Toledo] with the navy of Hiram; once in three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks." One wonders if the apes of Gibraltar to-day are a surviving remnant of those which Solomon sought. Jehoshaphat, too, "made ships to go to Tarshish". Isaiah (lx, 8-9) poetically describes the Phœnician trading-fleets when he exclaims:

"Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows? Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish."

Ancient tradition, based on Isaiah lxvi, 19, has it that many Jews found refuge in Spain after the conquest by Assyria. Certainly Ezekiel (xxvii)—"that priceless contemporary fragment of commercial history"—testifies to an intense interest in and an intimate knowledge of the colonial activities of Tyre during the captivity:—

"O thou that art situate at the entry of the sea, which art a merchant of the people for many isles. . . . Tarshish was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of all kinds of riches; with, silver, iron, tin, and lead they traded in thy fairs. . . . The ships of Tarshish did sing of thee in thy market. . . . Thy riches and thy fairs, thy merchandise, thy mariners and thy pilots, the calkers and the occupiers of thy merchandise. . . . When thy wares went forth out of the seas, thou filledst many peoples."

The list of metals here is peculiarly interesting. Spain was the California of antiquity, and was rich in silver and gold;

while tin was an unique importation from Britain. The people of the Bible lands knew well of the mineral wealth of Spain. In I Maccabees viii, 3, the power of Rome is identified with "what they had done in Spain, the winning of the mines of silver and of gold which are there". Ancient Egypt may have procured its gold from the lost Land of Ophir; it is certain that the Jews learned the process of refining gold from the Egyptians. But Phœnicia's source of gold and silver supply was Spain. Job's famous saying—"Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for gold where they find it"—is far more likely to be an allusion to the Tyrian tunnellings than to any mining process in Upper Egypt with which he could have been familiar. From Greek and Latin writers we know much of the technical methods of ancient mining in Spain. Jeremiah, too, knew them. "Silver spread into plates [*i.e.*, ingots] is brought from Tarshish."

The Greeks followed the ancient Jews into Spain. The Rhodians founded Rosas on the coast of Catalonia. The Phocæans had two trading-posts on the Aragonese littoral. Matthew Arnold's lines in *The Scholar Gypsy* are reminiscent of this history.

Under the Roman Empire colonies of oriental merchants, chiefly Syrians, were settled in all the important cities of the west, and powerfully contributed to the spread of eastern culture in the Latin world. From the first to the seventh century the history of these colonies can be traced in Italy, France, Spain, and even Britain. St. Paul found early Christians in the Syrian merchant group settled at Pozzuoli near Naples; Ravenna was full of them; in Marseilles, Lyons, Bordeaux, Paris, they abounded in Roman times, and their 'quarters' were still preserved through the period of the barbarian invasions in Spain. There were two trading companies of Syrians—one a Tyrian group—in Malaga, and the existence of a Syrian colony in Narbonne, near Barcelona, as late as 589, is proved by the records of the synods of the Visigothic church in Spain. St. Jerome, who died in 420, in his commentaries on Ezekiel xxvii compares the Syrians of his own day with the ancient Tyrians, speaking of—

"their innate love of commerce, which scatters them abroad over the whole world. They have such a passion for gain

that in spite of the invasions of the barbarians, in the midst of the armies, the dead, the miserable, they yet brave every danger in order to escape poverty."

It has been proved to-day that for five centuries the Latin Christians refused to represent Christ upon the cross. The crucifix is of Syrian—which means Tyrian—origin; the celebrated Syriac gospel of Rabula, some ivory carvings of the sixth century and the sculptures of the portal of Sta. Sabina in Rome are earliest representations in the west of the crucifixion. A curious passage in Gregory of Tours, about 600, shows the popular horror created in Narbonne when some Syrian Christians there publicly exhibited a figure of Christ hanging on the cross. A riot ensued, and the practice was forbidden. It was from Syrian Christians in the west that the Latin church derived the feasts of the theophany, the exaltation of the cross, the *dormitio* of the Virgin, the *Golden Legend*, the story of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, and the tale of the Indian travels of St. Thomas.

The result of all this long and complex history was indelibly to stamp Spain and the Spanish people with the mark of the Orient. The Arab domination of nearly eight hundred years increased and accentuated these oriental elements. Spain is a palimpsest. The page of the country is covered with the inefaceable cipherings of past generations, one writing superimposed upon another. Over the trace of Basque and Iberian survivals was written the stately majuscule of Roman rule. The Visigothic record is a mere gloss upon the manuscript. But Christian, Spaniard and Mohammedan have each inscribed their history across the crumpled parchment in enduring characters.

Rome's power to affect the culture history of Spain was less than that of Phœnician Carthage. Livy's terse statement that Spain was the *first* acquisition of Rome outside of Italy and the *last* to be conquered is a confession of the fact. It was only after long and vigorous resistance that Spain succumbed to Rome. The great country upon which Rome had long cast covetous eyes fought hard for her independence, and even after conquest knew subtly how to safeguard her national identity. Gaul had resisted for ten years. Spain was subjugated only after centuries. In a

very true sense what Matthew Arnold has said of the Orient may also be said of Spain:—

“She let the legions thunder past.”

The Romans first, then the Visigoths, then the Moors and, last of all, Napoleon, successively attempted to reduce Spain. It was always at the price of desperate efforts, and no one of them was ever able to enjoy fully the fruits of conquest. Sooner or later the time came when the vanquished people asserted themselves and drove out the invader. Phœnicia and Arabia are the only two powers which have permanently imposed their civilization upon the great peninsula.

Next to Greece, Spain was the earliest country in the Roman Empire to exhibit signs of decay. The most recent writer on Roman Spain has said:—

“As a result of misgovernment and loss of trade, learning had declined—while the wave of orientalism in the Antonine age contributed to the subordination of reason to blind faith. . . . Roman dominion meant hardly more to them than English rule does to remote Indian villages. When Nero won his Olympian victory, orders came to some Bætican *aldeanos* that there should be public rejoicings. The command was duly performed, but the only impression left on the mind of the villagers was that the emperor had won a battle over some people called Olympians.”

Of all Spanish history none is of more interest to the initiated reader than the persistence of an orientalism older than the Moor—as old as Phœnicia and Tyre, as Judea and Jerusalem. It is a talisman which will open the door of the understanding to much that one sees. Of course, most of these interesting evidences are not to be found in Madrid, with its pinchbeck imitation of Parisian ways, for Madrid is a modern city. But Seville and Cadiz make Tyre and Sidon seem real. As for the country, there the people still follow the practices noted by Strabo and Isidor of Seville which have not merely an analogy to, but an historical association with, the things of Holy Writ.

Spanish conventions of hospitality are as old as Genesis. The two angels declined Lot's invitation until they were pressed.

This oriental trait of seeming reluctance in order to induce urgency as a compliment is characteristic in Spain. It is Arabian, too. The same feint characterizes purchase and sale. A well-bred Spaniard will offer the object of one's admiration as a gift, and expects it to be declined with a compliment. It is the custom of the country, borrowed from the east, and as old as Abraham, to whom Ephron proffered the cave of Machpelah, and then sold it to him.

Agriculture and cattle-raising are among the most primitive employments known to man. The "unchanging east" is nowhere less altered than in these practices. The east in the west in Spain is almost immutable. Farming is characterized by an enormous expenditure of physical exertion. From the car-window between Cadiz and Seville the traveller may see anywhere from twelve to twenty yoke of oxen hitched to a plough. Ploughing with huge ox-gangs was usual in the Middle Ages and in Roman times. But the practice, after all, is thoroughly oriental, and goes far back to the days when such teams were necessary to break the stubborn glebe of Palestine, so different from the soft alluvial soil of Egypt and Mesopotamia. Who does not remember how Elijah found Elisha "ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen before him"? Modern civilization has softened Spain, yet occasionally in the rugged mountainous region of old Granada a shepherd-boy may still be seen armed with a sling by which he manages his flocks as David did. In Cervantes's time Spanish shepherd-boys must have been almost as skilled as David, for Don Quixote had his teeth knocked out by one.

The "barley also and straw for the horses" which Solomon's horses consumed is yet the customary provender of the Spanish horse. It is the oriental forage. As little hay is consumed in Spain as in Palestine. From ancient times Spain has been famous for its wool-growing, and in sheep-raising Spanish identities with the orient are very marked. The sheep-shearing festivals of the villagers on the plateaus of the old kingdom of Leon on a less lordly scale recall the feast of Nabel of the house of Caleb, whose—

"possessions were in Carmel, and the man was very great
and he had three thousand sheep and a thousand goats and

he was shearing his sheep in Carmel—and behold, he held a feast in his house like the feast of a king.”

When the vineyards and melons begin to ripen in the late summer, the traveller in Spain who braves the almost Syrian sun will observe booths of woven boughs amid the vines, where a *vinadero* or watchman is ensconced to protect the fruit from predatory birds or human marauders. So “Jonah went out of the city . . . and made him a booth and sat under it in the shadow”. These structures are “the booth that the keeper maketh” to which Job (xxvii, 18) alludes; the “lodge in a garden of cucumbers” which Isaiah used as a figure of the loneliness and isolation of the daughter of Zion. The insect scourge of Spain is an eastern comer—the locust. Yet the locust is not an unmixed evil in the peninsula, any more than in the Holy Land. It compensates the modern Moor, if not the impoverished Spanish peasant, by staying his stomach. Locusts are an Arab—an eastern—food, and were accounted a “clean meat” in Israel.

The fly, absurd as it seems to say it, at least three times in Spanish history appears to have attained the importance of an historical character. When Philip III of France, in 1285, invaded Catalonia to avenge the Sicilian Vespers, there issued from the body of San Narciso of Germa a plague of flies. These blue-bottles are reputed to have destroyed no fewer than 24,000 horses and 40,000 men. The king himself fell ill and died at Perpignan, October 5, 1285. Hence the proverb: “*Las moscas de San Narciso*”. Again, in the wars of Louis XIV in Spain, on May 29, both in 1653 and in 1684, the French armies are said to have been forced to retreat on account of the flies. Innocent XI decreed the day a national fête to San Narciso, which is still celebrated in Spain. As late as 1808, when Napoleon invaded Spain, the junta declared San Narciso the titular commander of the Spanish armies!

There is a gleam of historical fact below the surface of these absurd legends. Baal-Zebub, the Philistine god of Ekron, whom the Jews represented as a prince of devils, was literally Lord Fly or Lord of the Flies. When Ahaziah was sick he sent to consult the Lord Fly’s oracle. From Philistia the Fly God passed in

Phœnician ships to Spain. King Philip's army was beset by fever and flies, for he invaded Spain as did Louis XIV later, in midsummer, and because he happened to violate Catalonia on the day sacred to St. Narciso, the saint got the credit of the victory. Religion and superstition did the rest. When San Narciso was made titular grand commander of the armies of Spain, it was only another way of making Baal-Zebub *generalissimo*.

As in all Mediterranean countries, the fig and the olive play a large part in the rural economy of the people. Spanish reverence for the fig—for so it may be called—presents to this day some interesting analogies to far eastern and ancient practice. The midsummer festival for the artificial fertilization of the trees, to which there are many allusions in classical literature, has been traced back to the Babylonian *Sacæa*, and Spanish superstition in regard to the unwholesomeness of eating early figs has its prototype in Hosea iv, 10. In spite of the fact that the English officers at Gibraltar have for years been living witnesses against this superstition, the Spaniard will not eat of the *breba* or early fig.

The persistence of antiquity is naturally greater in the Spanish country than in the towns. Modern commerce and industry have largely effaced the interesting old 'quarters' in Seville and other cities where once the trades dwelt separately, as all through the biblical east—bakers, tanners, fullers, dyers, craftsmen of every sort. Jeremiah when in prison was fed "a daily piece of bread out of the bakers' street". In old Seville the Calle de Genova was like Paternoster Row in Stuart London, the abode of the booksellers. But the dark, musty shops that once were shrines of the book-hunter, with their treasured relics of missals, parchments and incunabula, have vanished. Formerly the silversmiths dwelt under the arcades of the plaza. Leather workers were to be found in the Calle de Mar. Often the denizens of the quarters were foreigners, as even present names of streets attest—Calle de Francos, Calle de Alemanes, Calle de Placentines. The bazaar of modern Damascus probably presents a picture to the eye of what Muslim Seville was with its endless variety of eastern wares in the tiny shops, the clamor of merchants, the cries of street-hawkers and peddlers,

swarming children and laboring donkeys. Figaro, shaving where he found a customer, would have plied his calling in a familiar environment in Bagdad or Jerusalem. For your oriental prefers "a razor that is hired".

The best preserved survival of the ancient 'quarter' life left in Seville is the potters' suburb of Triana. The tourist who crosses the river at Seville—and not all do so—even in the improved aspect of things since Borrow wrote, will yet feel the force of Borrow's description:—

"On the right side of the river is a large suburb called Triana . . . inhabited by the dregs of the populace. . . . At the foot and on some elevated ground higher up are to be seen vestiges of ruined walls and edifices which once formed part of Italica, the birthplace of Silius Italicus and Trajan, from which latter personage Triana derives its name. . . . On all sides are to be seen the time-worn, broken granite benches, from whence myriads of human beings once gazed down on the area below where the gladiator shouted and the lion and the leopard yelled. All around, beneath these flights of benches, are vaulted excavations, from whence the combatants, part human, part bestial, darted forth by several doors."

It is strange that the words of Isaiah (lxv, 4): "a people which remain among the graves and lodge in the monuments"—a perfect picture of the oriental idea of an outcast—did not come to the mind of the biblical Borrow, as he gazed upon these habitations of ruin.

The carpentry of the ancient Phœnicians was famous. "There is not any among us that can skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians", wrote Solomon to Hiram, king of Tyre, whose artisans he employed to build the temple at Jerusalem. Ezra employed the same workmen to reërect the temple after the captivity. That Tyrian craftsmen and their crafts followed the Phœnician furrow westward to Carthage, Tyre's daughter, and to Punic and Moorish Spain, no one doubts who stands within the Cathedral of Cordova and gazes upward in admiration at the timbered ceiling richly painted in red and gold. It irresistibly reminds of Jeremiah's phrase—"ceiled with cedar and vermillion",—although the wood in this case is larch. For durability

and chiselling the Spanish larch rivalled the cedars of Lebanon. Those roof-beams are as sound as when cut nearly twelve hundred years ago, like the beams of the temple of Saguntum, which Silius Italicus compared to the pillars of Hercules for endurance.

Spanish architecture is eloquent of the Orient, not merely in Alcazar and Alhambra, but in minor details which escape all but the close observer. The names of most colors in Spanish are Arabic derivatives. How many who see the exquisite *azulejo* of the Alcazar—those marvellous azure and sapphire blues—remember that sapphire was the color of deity among the ancient Jews; that when Moses saw God “there was under his feet a paved work of a sapphire stone, and as it were the body of heaven in clearness”; or that Isaiah, when he prophesied that God would relent concerning his people, held up the vision to Judah: “I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires”? Browning, to use his own words, was “stung by the splendor of this thought”.

The underground vaults adjoining the Villa de los Martiros in Granada where Mohammed I confined the captives employed in building the Alhambra, actually were made for granaries like the “storehouses” of Joseph. There are others not far from Valencia. The double use of such places as granaries and prisons passed from Egypt to Phœnicia, thence to Carthage, and from Carthage to Punic Spain. The Moors kept corn and convicts in these huge vaults, and the Inquisition also used them for places of imprisonment. The tourist in Jerusalem sees something similar in the less gloomy vaulted substructures under the site of Solomon’s temple, which are called “Solomon’s stables”.

As the great sanctuaries in Spain preserve the east in them, so also does the meanest peasant’s cottage. Job would recognize the “dwelling-houses of clay whose foundation is in the dust”, looking much like the forty wretched hovels of Bethany to-day, so crumbling that whoso “lean upon his house it shall not stand”, the thin walls of which catch the eye of the thief who in the dark digs through. Borrow lodged for a night in just such a hut—“the walls were of mud”. The poverty of the inhabitants of these wretched Spanish villages, living in dry

and verdureless surroundings, ill clad, ill fed, in want of water often, and among whom fuel is so scarce that dry dung is used instead of wood, would have been a familiar sight to Ezekiel, who also "drank water by measure" and ate barley-cakes baked with dung, as the dwellers in the ancient land of Bashan do to this day.

He that has seen Spain has seen the Holy Land. The natural face of both countries from remote times has had pointed sites for hill-towns which are very similar. The region around Ronda and Granada is typical. The old Moorish part of Ronda is accessible at one point only. Well were the steep pinnacles above Granada called the "abode of falconers"! Just so the fastnesses around Migdol were the abode of robbers in the days of Herod the Great, during the Crusades, and late in Turkish times. Perched on the hills north of Jerusalem the pilgrim can see Gibeah, with ruins of a fort erected by the Crusaders, Gimzo, Beit-Ur-el-Foka—the Beth-Horon of Joshua x, 10,—Beit Hanima—the Ananiah of Nehemiah xi, 32,—and Gibeon on its isolated pinnacle.

Among the most typically oriental scenes in Spain are the beggars, almost the oldest profession in the world, one might think, from the allusions to them in the Old Testament and in Homer. Every tourist in Spain and Italy has observed how they wear away the portals of the churches, as Juvenal complains that they vexed the temple approaches in Rome. The traveller who sees them sitting in their rags and tatters and disease before the great doorway of the cathedral in Seville, may be pardoned for not feeling the compassion of Peter for the lame man before "the gate of the Temple which is called Beautiful". The gate figures largely in ancient and mediæval cities in the east. It was the place of business and of judicature, where king or sultan dispensed judgment. The Sublime Porte of Granada was the Torre de Justicia, still visible to the sightseer, where the *kaid* of the Moorish sovereign sat, as Ahasuerus in the time of Esther, and as David when he waited to hear word of Absalom.

Esther's uncle Mordecai was neither the first nor the last of Jewish ministers of the exchequer under foreign kings. Joseph was treasurer to Pharaoh, Mordecai to Ahasuerus, Daniel to

Nebuchadnezzar. In the fourteenth century in Castile, Pedro the Cruel had a noted Jewish treasurer named Levi. In the old Jewish quarter of Toledo—a tiny Jerusalem in the Middle Ages, for Pedro favored the Jews for commercial purposes—yet stands the synagogue which Levi erected. The edifice is so beautiful that it might fittingly be called a Jewish Alhambra.

A volume could be written about oriental customary survivals in Spain, from trivialities like belief in the evil eye, to which Solomon confessed, and that sneezing is a good omen, strong enough to wake the dead even, as in the case of the Shunamite's son, to practices of gravest import. Spanish cruelty does not date from the war against the Moor or from the Inquisition. The Spaniard outdid the Roman in cruel practices in Pompey's and Caesar's time, and the Roman was not a man of tender heart. Polybius, in the second century before Christ, condemned their warfare of treachery without quarter and without treaty. Spanish cruelty is an oriental trait, derived from the Carthaginians and ancient Phœnicians. Hannibal cut the throats of five thousand Romans, as Saul and David slew Philistine captives wholesale. The reverse of this is just as true, and just as oriental. Numantia in ancient Spanish history, Saragossa in modern, are types of Spanish desperate defence. Livy tells of as terrible inhumanity done in defence of Numantia and Calthorpe as II Kings vi, 29, relates of Samaria when Ben Hadad went up against it, and mothers boiled their children for meat. The true history of the Cid resembles the bloody deeds of Joshua. History and legend in their case are singularly identical. The Cid was oriental in genius and character, a commingling of Joshua, Jephthah, Samson and David. They are alike in warlike courage, terrible cruelty, and religious fanaticism. Joshua's sun which stood still over Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon, was the protomiracle that gave birth to the legend of the thirteenth century that Don Pelayo Perez Correa, when fighting the Moors in 1247, prayed the Virgin to stay the course of the sun and it was done. The same miracle is alleged of Cardinal Ximenez, who also made the sun stand still on Oran, May 18, 1508. In parentheses it might be said that Samuel was no closer to Saul and David than this formidable prelate Ximenez, who made Spain a

theocracy while he lived. With right is he buried among kings at Toledo, as Jehoida the high priest was "buried in the city of David among the kings".

The war of Moslem and Christian in Spain was characterized by that same devastation of the frontier between the peoples, the same merciless extermination of peoples, as prevailed in Palestine when the Israelites came into the land. With a change of name and place, the terrible injunctions in Deuteronomy apply to mediæval Spanish warfare:—

"The Lord thy God shall deliver them before thee; thou shalt smite them and utterly destroy them; thou shalt make no covenant with them; nor show mercy unto them."

With all the fanaticism and cruelty of the ancient Jews, the Spanish Christians of the Middle Ages believed themselves to be "an holy people unto the Lord". The plains of the peninsula to this day bear witness, in their only partially recovered desolation, to the destruction of the highly developed Moorish culture. The great *despoblado* or desert of Andalusia, in spite of all efforts at repopulation, still remains a mournful memorial of those desolating wars.

The bull-fight preserves many vestiges of antiquity. Two are plain to the initiated. One is the practice of houghing a cowardly bull, exactly as Joshua houghed the horses of Jabin, king of Hazor. The other is the striped cane carried by the Spanish dandies. It is the phallic rod with which Jacob influenced Laban's flocks.

It is very probable that the Spanish bull-fight itself is a survival of the *taurobolium*, or slaying of the bull, a religious ceremony which grew popular throughout the Roman empire from the time of the Antonines, and nowhere more popular than in Spain. The Spanish Christian poet Prudentius—the first Christian poet—who lived in the fifth century, and who always retained a wistful attachment to old pagan religious customs, has left us a remarkable description of this terrible rite. The *taurobolium* was connected both with the worship of Mithras and the Mater Magna. It is very significant that the bull, when decorated for sacrifice, even when not in Spain, was always belted with a *Gadatine girdle*.

Oriental custom and costume go together in Spain. The elusive coquetry of the veil is familiar to every reader of Spanish fiction, or observer of Spanish art and opera. The black mantilla is as old as Spanish recorded history. The symbol of ancient Iberia was a veiled woman. Ezekiel might, perhaps, say of the flirts of modern Seville what he said of Tyre's coquettes: "Women that make kerchiefs upon their head to hunt souls". Cadiz was the daughter of Tyre, the type of wantonness to the Jews, which taught the daughters of Judah, in the words of Isaiah, to "walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go". The Spanish veil became a fad in imperial Rome in the first century. Poppæa, Nero's mistress, and Messalina, hid their shamelessness under the mantilla, the edge of which Tacitus has raised for the world to see beneath. The puritan Ezekiel would also certainly recognize the Tyrian pattern fringes on the skirts of the *bailarinas* or Spanish dancing-girls, who still dance to instruments as old in form as those of the Holy Land.

Gadatine dancing-girls were popular at Roman festivals in the degenerate days of Nero and Caligula, as Aulus Gellius's *Attic Nights* shows us. Martial, who was a thorough Spaniard, mentions as only Martial can these bright birds of brilliant plumage and light morals who came to Rome from the brothels of Cadiz:—

"Nec de Gadibus improbis puellæ
Vibrabunt sine fine prurientes
Lascivos docili tremore lumbos."

Latin literature of the early Empire abounds with allusions to dancing-girls and castanet players from Cadiz. The modern Andalusian title '*Cádiz la joyosa*' is a literal translation of Martial's "*Gades Jocosæ*".

The songs of Spain are of infinite variety. The differences are sometimes so sensible that they do not seem to be those of the same people, as indeed they are not, but are rather the reflection of the psychology of the various races which have successively overrun the country. Music is the life of Spain. The direst poverty will not make it cease. Nothing but a Lisbon earthquake could stay the sound of the guitar. Isaiah's

picture of the desolation of Israel were as true of Spain if ever the silver cord of harp and guitar were loosed:—

“All the merry-hearted do sing. The mirth of tabrets ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoice endeth, the joy of the harp ceaseth.”

If the veil is the characteristic article of feminine dress in Spain, the cloak is that of the man. Greek and Latin literatures, the Bible, Homer, the Arabian Nights, abound with allusions to this garment. It has been *the* male garment of Mediterranean lands from remote antiquity. But the Spaniard alone wears it as though the dignity of ages were resting upon his shoulders. Everyone knows of Paul's anxiety about the cloak he left at Troas, and Paul, if he had been a Greek, certainly would have known of the embarrassment of Ulysses when he lost his cloak. In 1500 Spanish fashions were *au fait* in Renaissance Italy, having been made popular through the influence of the Borgia pope Alexander VI. Raphael's picture of Paul preaching in Athens represents the great apostle wearing his cloak as the Spaniard does to-day.

The way a man in Spain wears his cloak was—and is yet—often regarded as an index of character. It was so in Roman times. Cicero so believed that clothes made the man that he preferred Pompey to Cæsar, because he could not see below the awkward way the future dictator wore his cloak, to the man underneath. But if that old gossip Suetonius is to be believed, Cæsar grew as fastidious as any Roman dandy about the hang of his cloak. The last act of his life was to arrange his cloak so that he might die with dignity. Shakespeare had the intuition of an artist, if he did not have the lore of the antiquary, when he put into Anthony's mouth that adroit apostrophe to Cæsar's 'muffling mantle'.

Sir Walter Raleigh's courtesy to Queen Elizabeth when he laid his cloak in her path was a cavalier flourish borrowed by gentlemen of Tudor England from Spain in the sixteenth century. It used to be the custom of the students in Salamanca to do so when they met a pretty woman in the street. This “spreading garments in the way” was an oriental mode of show-

ing honor. Cato's Spanish troops so hailed him after one of his victories. In II Kings ix, 13, it is told of Jehu's men, when their chief had slain King Joram, that—

“they hastened and took every man his garment and put it under him on the top of the stairs, and blew with trumpets saying, Jehu is king.”

As typically eastern as the cloak is the Spanish girdle, at once belt and pocket-book. So it was to the ancient Roman and the Jew. Among the lowest classes the girdle is loosened, not taken off, at night. The Spanish peasant sleeps almost as ready for exodus as Israel in Egypt. Sometimes the Spaniard wears his knife in his sash; oftener, as a carpenter carries his rule, down the right thigh. So Ehud wore “a dagger which had two edges of a cubit length under his raiment upon his right thigh”.

The religion of Spain is saturated with orientalism, both Hebrew and pagan. Spanish ecclesiastical vestments are famous for their magnificent gold and silver embroidery. Whence came the art and the love of sumptuous adornment? From the East. It is the inheritance from Phœnicia and the Moor. So also are the curtains and hangings, the faint rustle of whose heavy folds, pregnant with the odor of incense, softly breaks the silence of many a cathedral aisle. When one looks into the shop-windows in Valladolid, Saragossa, Toledo and Seville, given over to the manufacture and sale of pious emblems—crosses, figures of saints, madonnas, Christs in wood and metal—he wonders if history would not repeat itself were a modern Paul to appear; how many Spanish *plateros* or silversmiths, who “make no small gain” from the business, like Demetrius, would “fill the city with confusion” against him? Spain numbers its Demetriuses and its Alexanders the coppersmiths by thousands, who forge these religious simulacra exactly as Isaiah has described.

In every Spanish chapel votive offerings abound after the manner of the ancient Jews and of Greek and Roman paganism. The men of Beth Shemish who were smitten “because they looked into the ark of the Lord” have had fellow-sufferers punished for the same offence. The famous *arca* or sacred

chest in Oviedo is reputed to harbor relics so sacred that no man may lift the lid without peril. The same fate of madness and suicide which befell all who dared peep into the hamper in which Minerva concealed Ericthonius, and which struck Eurypylus during the siege of Troy when he attempted to open the ark given by Zeus to Dardanus almost overcame Bishop Christobal de Rojas Sandoval in 1500. He was struck senseless for his sacrilege.

East is not east, west is not west, in Spain. The two have met and commingled there. Dear old Richard Ford, that most companionable of travellers, who knew Spain as he knew the palm of his hand, wrote truly when he said:—

“The key to decipher this singular people is scarcely European, since this Berberia Cristiana is at least a neutral ground between the hat and the turban. . . . Here pagan, Roman and eastern customs, long obsolete elsewhere, turn up at every step.”

JAMES WESTFALL THOMPSON.

The University of Chicago.

IN TOWN

I shall not hear the cuckoo cry,
Nor in the deepening meadows lie
On golden mats the trefoil weaves,
Nor underneath the emerald eaves
Of downland copses listening,
Wonder what birds in the hawthorn sing.
I shall not hear the enamoured Spring
Breathe in the living woods at night,
Nor see the cherry's flash of white;
But still with waves of men be tossed
And on the rocks of houses lost.

MARGARET L. WOODS.

London, England.

THE ROAD-MAKERS

(A. D. 72)

[Several years since, in a field at the foot of the Sussex Downs, where the sheep-track that was once a road used by the Roman legions—the famous Stane Street from Chichester Harbour to London—crosses the green shoulder of the ridge by Gumber, fragments of mosaic pavement were turned up by the plough. There was a villa built for some patrician governor—Comes Littoris Saxonici. It is conceivable that some of the men who extended the bounds of the Roman Empire grew to love the lands over which they ruled.]

Marcus sends greetings to his Plotinus.
Rejoice with me, my friend, I am recalled
To our own land. My galley leaves at dawn
If the tide serves. Before the grapes are ripe
I shall ride home from Ostia, and see
Immortal Rome set on her seven hills,
Divided by the brazen scimitar
Of her swift turbid stream, and faint far-off
Soracte, and the villa where I lived,
A child, with one tall cypress by the gate,
Dark as a burnt-out torch against the sky.

My father died since I came here. Twelve years!
There will be changes. Yet I must be glad.

At first you know I hated this green coast,
Rainswept and sunless often, of an isle
Set like a flint in the deep jewelled fringe
Of Rome's imperial cloak. But now—but now
I leave a little of my heart with you,
Plotinus, who have rooted in this soil,
Building your house, taking from some mud hut
A blue-eyed girl, half savage, wholly sweet,
To be the mother of your sons. Ah, well.
Think of me when you climb by a foot-path
The great chalk ridge, thyme-scented, where the wind
Blows from the southwest steadily, and larks
Sing all day long over the road we made.
And later, in the slow grey Northern dusk,
When stars shine dimly through a rising mist,
And work is done, and men may seek their hearths
In your quiet valley, think of me. Farewell.

MORAY DALTON.

Littlehampton, Sussex, England.

VICTOR HUGO'S OPERAS

It has become a matter of convention among historians of French literature to accept the fate of Victor Hugo's plays as an obvious phenomenon. The rapid decrease in popularity of these tragedies (once the standard-bearers of romanticism) is in fact considered symbolic of the *débauche* of the entire school. And it must be confessed that in assuming this viewpoint the historians have some right on their side. The hold of Victor Hugo's plays upon the public was at best insecure; the 'victory' of *Hernani* was never so complete as to remain unchallenged, while the decline in popularity of the succeeding tragedies only served to emphasize the Pyrrhic nature of that alleged triumph. The classicists of 1830 would seem, therefore, to have been vindicated, although the alchemy of time has distilled out of their violent hostility the more elegant attitude of easy disdain. The quintessence of this modern pose (now pretty generally assumed) finds perhaps its best illustration in the words of the eminent critic, Gustave Lanson:—

"Ces malheureux drames, ne se tiennent pas sur leurs pieds."¹

In the plot of *Ruy Blas* he discovers a "scénario de farce",² etc. Other experts take equal delight in refusing Hugo all claim to serious distinction as dramatist; indeed, the opinion seems about unanimous to-day that it would have been better for his reputation had he abstained from writing for the stage.

The soundness of this judgment depends, of course, upon the assumption that Hugo's dramatic works are plays, and it must be admitted that if we accept this premise no very favorable deduction can be drawn from it. Hugo's tragedies offend, and offend roundly, almost every law that convention demands in the spoken drama. It would appear, then, that unless we deny at the outset the validity of this generally accepted premise, small hope will be left us of reaching a more favorable judgment.

¹ *Histoire de la Littérature Française*, p. 965.

² *Ibid.*, p. 966.

Paradoxical as such a course may appear, a careful examination of Hugo's dramatic works will reveal facts that will give such revision much plausibility.

One of the fundamental features of romanticism has been the deviation of creative energy into new channels. The importance of this curious phenomenon cannot be over-emphasized, for to it is due the displacement of the conception of essentials, which, of all romantic traits, is the most irritating to the humanists. The fact that a man's gifts focussed instinctively (without any volition on his part) on the borderland between two *genres*, or between two arts, led him to take for granted the correctness of this new position and to erect upon it a new philosophy. It is thus that we have the doctrine of the *mélange des genres*, the comic and the tragic, the grotesque and the beautiful, but especially the doctrine of the *mélange des arts*. The latter confusion, being the subtler of the two, has not received from the critics the attention, in point of quantity and quality, which it deserves. It has been too often the custom to dismiss it as a freakish corollary of romanticism, a desire on the part of a few extremists, like Tieck or Gautier, to shock the philistine, whereas, in point of fact, it is one of the most significant symptoms of the romantic malady.

The attempt of so many writers, painters and musicians, to make their art encroach upon the domain of another, or indeed of several others, is not, as some determined classicists maintain, a deliberate '*parti pris*', but simply the working out of the inevitable. The artist is not—in the beginning, at least—a self-conscious *poseur*, although that may come later. He is in reality doing his best, according to the nature of his gifts, which happen to concentrate themselves upon the borderland between two, or more, arts. The hybrid product that results must, in consequence, be estimated from a different angle than that taken by certain champions of humanism, who would deny artistic predestination and have us believe that a man can decide upon his endowment. To this fallacy in criticism is due a large measure of the impatience exhibited by the devotees of classicism toward the plays of Victor Hugo.

The disfavor which these unfortunate dramas have encoun-

tered from the experts is a striking illustration of the power of convention. Hugo's critics have found fault with him for failing to do a certain thing, when, as a matter of fact, he was attempting to do something else. For, if we drop the traditional conception and examine his *théâtre* without bias, we shall find that Hugo's endowment for the stage was a peculiar one. Its essence consists, not so much in the *mélange des genres* (as he and everybody else thought), as in the *mélange des arts*; that is, his gift is to be discovered, not at the centre of one art, tragedy, but on the borderland between two arts, tragedy and opera. Appreciation of this singular fact will, it is obvious, alter materially the critical point of view; many of Hugo's seemingly wanton violations of custom will assume a more favorable complexion, while the more serious defects of his work, if they cannot be entirely condoned, will at least escape the conventional verdict of 'voluntary eccentricity'.

From the outset, Hugo has been severely dealt with by the connoisseurs for the melodramatic quality of his plots. Critics, both in France and out, never cease to berate the enormous antitheses upon which all of his plays are built. The violent juxtaposition of incompatibles—expressed either by two characters, king *versus* bandit: *Hernani*; or by one character, mother *versus* murderess: *Lucrèce Borgia*—they find not only highly improbable, but, what is far worse, utterly ridiculous. This estimate, correct enough if we hold to the traditional view—that his tragedies belong to the spoken drama—will appear less severe the moment we view them as transposed music drama. Indeed, the very enormity of the Hugo antithesis, an admittedly serious blemish in tragedy, becomes not merely excusable, but actually a virtue, in opera. The reason for this seeming paradox is to be found, as will presently appear, in the different nature of the two arts.

Save for pantomime, the drama reaches our consciousness through two channels, the eye and the ear. To impart its full significance, it needs both, for the action which it portrays is a double one, physical as well as psychological. This fact demands of the playwright two media of expression, the gesture and the word. The gesture, it is clear, will account for approximately

ninety per cent. of the physical action; the word, for ninety per cent. of the psychological action. And, of course, these two media overlap on the boundary, where the psychological action begins to overflow into the physical.

Now, the chief difference between the spoken drama and the music drama is this: that in the music drama, the word, being sung, becomes less explicit than in the spoken drama. It is a matter of common knowledge, although, perhaps, not of common admission, that few in the audience actually understand what is being sung on the stage. Particularly true is this in the case of concerted pieces—duets, trios, quartets—where several voices are singing simultaneously. Tacit admission of this fact is evinced in the printing on the programme of the plot of the opera. The point that concerns us, however, is that the weakening in precision of one medium of expression (the word) puts an additional burden upon the other (the gesture). The result is obvious. Unless some change is made, much of the action that would be perfectly intelligible in the spoken drama will become unintelligible in the music drama. It is this change which is the essence of opera.

The necessity of emphasizing the gesture, in order to keep the plot intelligible, obliged the writers of opera, first, to reduce the psychological action to its lowest terms, and, second, to express this simplified action wherever possible in terms of the physical; in short, to translate the word into the gesture. The violent antitheses which swarm in opera are simply instances of this attempt on the librettists' part to render a psychological contrast in terms of the physical. The enormity of these antitheses is to be explained by the fact that the gesture, being less articulate than the word, must be proportionately more copious to express the same amount. The melodramatic climax, the harsh juxtaposition of incompatibles, becomes, therefore, not merely permissible, but actually necessary, in the music drama, for the narration of the story must reach the audience to a large extent through the eye. If we bear these facts in mind, much of the tumultuously physical that predominates in Hugo's theatre will find its explanation.

The melodramatic contrasts of plot upon which his critics

harp are, as we can now realize, due in a measure to the unconsciously operatic nature of Hugo's gift. The violent antitheses contained in the basic idea, buffoon *versus* king (*Le Roi S'amuse*); lackey *versus* queen (*Ruy Blas*); bandit *versus* emperor (*Hernani*), etc., are really nothing more than the attempt—and it was not a deliberate attempt in his case—to render physically visible a psychological conflict.

The claptrap climax, which the classicists deplore as one of his favorite devices, is merely the application of the same principle within the compass of the scene. The intrusion of the Black Domino amid the brilliant masqueraders in *Hernani*,³ the funeral procession in *Marie Tudor*,⁴ the huge scarlet litter of Richelieu in *Marion de Lorme*,⁵ etc., are all characteristic instances of Hugo's use of the stunning gesture to relieve the word of the burden of narration. The sudden opening of secret doors in *Angelo* and *Ruy Blas*,⁶ the stealthy entrance of mysterious slaves in *Ruy Blas*,⁷ the sounds of sword-fighting around the corner in *Marion de Lorme*,⁸ and, again, the tumbling down the chimney of Don Cæsar in *Ruy Blas*,⁹ are further evidence of Hugo's reliance upon the dazzling gesture as a means of communication with his audience.

This unconscious preference for the gesture in the matter of dramatic narration is highly significant. It implies a weakening in precision of the word, which, as we shall see later, is one of the most curious features of Hugo's gift. Before passing to that, however, it might be well to complete our examination of Hugo's faculty for expressing action in terms of external antithesis. The instances of this practice quoted above are, with a single exception, all of the same kind. The gesture in every case save one is visual, and, although this variety is an essential part of opera, it is by no means the most essential.

The chief attraction of the music drama is, after all, the music. Indispensable as are the other things, they remain, nevertheless, of secondary importance, for they are insufficient of themselves to confer immortality. Now, although we have come to accept

³ V, 1.⁴ Second Day, Second Part, Sc. 1.⁵ V, 7.⁶ *Angelo*, Second Day, Sc. 1; *Ruy Blas*, IV, 6. ⁷ IV, 3. ⁸ I, 2. ⁹ IV, 2.

music without questioning as to the language of opera, it is manifestly logical that the best operas will always be those in which music has some *raison d'être*, some excuse for its presence besides that of convention. In other words, the skilful writer of opera will endeavor, wherever possible, to weave the music into the texture of the plot, until the two become inseparable, until the presence of one is imperative to a complete understanding of the other. The application of this difficult principle calls obviously for imagination, and imagination of an especial quality, if it is to be a success. Indeed, the thing presents exceptional obstacles, for music, as Boileau shrewdly pointed out, cannot narrate. Its primary function is the presentation of emotion, and of emotion in its most abstract form, the mood. In other words, music is lyric, rather than dramatic. If we grant this premise, it becomes at once evident that music can hope to portray action in one way only, through antithesis; and since the domain of music is the lyric, it follows that the strictly musical antithesis can be achieved only by the juxtaposition of contrasting lyrics, the striking *rapprochement* of sharply divergent moods. In practice, this means that the writer of opera, instead of addressing the mind of the audience directly, is obliged by the exigencies of his art, to address it obliquely. He can narrate, but only suggestively, through the mood, in contradistinction to the playwright, who can create a mood, but only suggestively through narration. Now, it is in the possession of precisely this faculty, the ability to express his action in terms of musical antithesis, that we shall find striking evidence of the operatic nature of Hugo's gifts.

The clearest instances of this peculiar *tour de force* occur in *Hernani*, *Le Roi S'amuse*, and *Lucrèce Borgia*. As a matter of fact, the *dénouement* in all three plays is accomplished not merely to music, but actually through music. In *Hernani* the love duet,¹⁰ an exquisite lyric mood, is shattered by the long-drawn note of the horn, the symbol of death. *Hernani*, the audience instantly remembers, had given Ruy Gomez the horn with the promise that should the latter wish him to die, he need

¹⁰ *Hernani* and *Doña Sol*, V, 3.

but sound it, and all would be over. The dramatic shock which this strictly musical antithesis imparts has not been denied by even the most grudging of humanists; but, while they admit its power, they refuse to appreciate its significance. This sharp juxtaposition of the moods of love and death unties the dramatic knot, and this untying, it should be noted, is done by music. The point is that what we have here is not tragedy, but opera. The *dénouement* of *Le Roi S'amuse* exhibits an even greater ingenuity in the use of this essentially operatic principle. The revelation of the tragic situation is even more startling than in *Hernani*, for in *Le Roi S'amuse* it is ironic. The jester Triboulet,¹¹ wild with triumphant hate, is about to cast into the river the sack supposed to contain the body of the king (who had seduced his daughter), when he hears in the distance the king's voice, singing gaily: "*Souvent la femme varie*". The tragic force at this moment of the brilliant song is intensified by the contrast between the flippancy of the song itself and the mood of frantic despair which it occasions in the breast of the wretched Triboulet. The antithesis here is certainly enormous, but inasmuch as music is the least explicit of the arts, the strictly musical antithesis must be enormous if it is to be intelligible. Hugo's arrangement is, therefore, eminently laudable if we remember that his work is not spoken drama, but transposed music drama.

The most striking example, however, of the presentation of the catastrophe in terms of music occurs in *Lucrece Borgia*,¹² The mood of impious gaiety created by the drinking-song is set off in harsh relief against the sombre chorus of the monks. The contrast between pagan revelry and the gloom of mediæval Christianity offered by this scene is of a power that would be difficult to surpass, but what concerns us, especially, is the fact that the effect is gained by means of music. The words merely serve as the skeleton design which the music fills in. Particularly is this true of the monks' chant, the text of which is Latin, and therefore incomprehensible to the audience. Indeed, this scene is a most felicitous illustration of the operatic principle, for it combines, with much skill, the two types of antithesis, the vis-

¹¹ V, 3.

¹² III, 1.

ual and the musical. By itself it would almost suffice to demonstrate the borderland nature of Hugo's gift, for it evidently 'straddles' the boundary separating the spoken drama from the music drama.

This kind of antithesis is, however, not confined in Hugo's *théâtre* to the presentation of the *dénouement*, but is frequently used to impart color to the exposition. The charming lyric, *A quoi bon entendre les oiseaux des bois*,¹³ is inserted with the definite purpose of portraying by contrast of mood the wretchedness of royalty. The happy voices of the washerwomen, singing in the heather, emphasize in poignant fashion the tragic loneliness of the Queen of Spain, imprisoned in her grandeur. Other instances of this trick may be found in *Angelo*,¹⁴ and *Les Burgraves*.¹⁵

All of these examples have, it should be noted, one important factor in common: they need the actual presence of music to gain their effect. This might certainly be taken as a basis for the argument that the scenes are not genuine *transpositions d'art*, but careful consideration will reveal them to be simply the counterpart of modern programme-music, which needs the written word, in the title at least, to make its purpose intelligible. That is, Hugo's words must have, in these scenes, the assistance of music to achieve their end, just as Debussy's music, for example, must have the help of words to create its illusion. In both cases there is overlapping, a not infrequent occurrence in these borderland *genres*, which gives them a very definite flavor. The main body of Hugo's *théâtre*, however, remains just on literature's side of the boundary, and justifies, as we shall presently see, the application of the term, *transposition d'art*.

I have said above that Hugo's insistence upon the gesture, visual as well as musical, is operatic in that it implies a weakening in precision of the word. This, as we have seen, is one of the fundamental characteristics of opera. A psychological conflict such as we find in seventeenth-century French tragedy cannot, therefore, be rendered by music, for tones are inarticulate; they cannot express with precision delicate *nuances*, whether of thought

¹³ *Ruy Blas*, II, 1.

¹⁴ Second Day, Sc. 4.

¹⁵ Part One, I, 5.

or of emotion. The stock criticism of his foes is that Hugo's dramas contain little or no psychological action; the reason for this absence of internal conflict, however, seems to have eluded them. Had they examined his work without prejudice, they would undoubtedly have discovered that Hugo, wherever possible, uses words precisely as the musician uses tones. That is, instead of emphasizing presentation of action, he emphasizes creation of mood. The movement of his plays is, in consequence, essentially operatic in that it is *intermittent* rather than *continuous*. Where the action in a tragedy by Racine, for instance, maintains an unbroken flow from the first line to the last, in Hugo's tragedies it proceeds by fits and starts: a rapid bit of exposition and then a pause, a smashing antithesis and then another pause. Now this curious principle, which so irritates the experts, we shall discover to be characteristic of opera, for, inasmuch as music can only create a mood, it is evident that a good opera will contain as little actual narration and as much mood as possible. In other words, the operatic poet will endeavor to present his story through a series of mood-pictures connected one with another by summary bits of narration. This, in point of fact, is exactly Hugo's method—with one significant difference: that he creates his mood-pictures by words instead of by tones. The parallel here is extremely curious: in both cases, in actual opera as in transposed opera, the ultimate effect is much the same; the difference consists in the means used to obtain that effect. In both cases there is a weakening in precision of the word; but in opera this is due to a physical cause, in transposed opera to a psychical cause. In opera the word is swallowed up by the music and becomes in consequence unintelligible; in transposed opera the situation is more subtle, for here the word itself lacks narrative precision. Instead of concentrating upon action, it concentrates upon the emotional and æsthetic by-products of action, of which the most important, for operatic purposes, is the mood. In other words, in transposed opera, the poet's own nature interferes with direct presentation, whereas in actual opera it is the music that interferes.

It is of some interest to observe just how this works out in practice. Hugo's poetical gift has usually been considered to

incline rather towards painting than towards music; and this, as a matter of fact, is true. Ideas as well as emotions appear to him almost always in the form of pictures, but, inasmuch as these pictures are expressed by words (which are sounds) instead of colors, they lack the precision of colors, and in consequence incline to the vagueness of musical suggestion. The ultimate effect of them is, therefore, the creation of a mood that is sufficiently inarticulate to border on the type of mood peculiar to music. As words, however, are less vague than tones, Hugo is forced to create his indeterminate mood obliquely in opposition to the musician, who can do it directly. Indeed, Hugo's method is the exact counterpart of the method practised by such an artist as Debussy, for Hugo creates a mood, at second-hand, through a picture, whereas Debussy creates a picture, at second-hand, through a mood.

A fair majority, if not all, of the scenes which have made Hugo's tragedies famous illustrate this phenomenon with singular clarity. In *Hernani* the gallery of the portraits,¹⁶ the love duet,¹⁷ and the great monologue of Don Carlos,¹⁸ are nothing if not primarily mood-pictures. Of themselves, they do not advance the story a jot; like the set airs in opera they are frankly to be enjoyed, apart from the play, for their own beauty, and they occupy the proscenium at their leisure while the action waits modestly off-stage for its cue.

Such an arrangement, it is obvious, represents the exact opposite of the classical conception that every scene must contribute to the progress of the plot. Nothing could illustrate the antithesis offered by these two formulas better than a comparison of the monologue of Don Carlos in *Hernani* with the monologue of Don Rodrigue, which concludes the first act of the *Cid*. In Corneille's work, the soliloquy portrays a psychic action, and it ends with the completion of that action. In Hugo's work, the soliloquy portrays a mood and ends before the psychic action has begun. In short, Don Rodrigue reaches his decision before he leaves the stage; Don Carlos leaves the stage before he reaches his decision. Don Carlos's soliloquy belongs, therefore, not to

¹⁶ III, 6.¹⁷ V, 3.¹⁸ IV, 2.

the spoken drama, but to the music drama, and is simply a magnificent baritone aria, to be enjoyed for its sonorous splendor rather than for any dramatic interest.

Hugo's other works swarm with similar instances,¹⁹ but perhaps the most flagrant case of all occurs in *Ruy Blas*. In this tragedy the plot is held up, not only by individual scenes, but in one instance by an entire act. The work is in reality a four-act drama arbitrarily extended to five, for the story comes to a dead stop with the curtain on Act III, and does not pick up again until Act V. The interregnum is occupied by the comic mood, supplied in this instance by a picturesque buffoon, Don Cæsar, whose connection with the main theme is little more than episodic. The use of pageant¹⁹ may be mentioned as another variety of this practice; the action pauses to allow a visual mood instead of a musical mood.

Finally, if we examine Hugo's characters, we discover here also the working out of the operatic formula. The complaint of the classicists that Hugo's heroes and villains represent violent extremes or swing suddenly from one pole to the other is of a piece with the main body of their criticism. What they fail to appreciate is that such a conception of character is essentially operatic, for, since music is inarticulate, the strictly musical character cannot possess a complex soul. Sensitive analysis of psychological *nuances* cannot be conveyed through the mood, which means that the writer of opera must confine himself in the matter of character-drawing, as in other things, to the principle of striking antithesis. This is precisely what Hugo has done (quite unwittingly, to be sure) in all of his works. *Hernani*, *Doña Sol*, *Marion*, *Ruy Blas*, *Didier*, *Don Salluste*, etc., belong without exception to the transposed music drama, a fact which, if properly appreciated, will do much to palliate their seeming absurdity.

There remains one question which deserves a moment's consideration before we conclude. Hugo's critics might ask, in

¹⁹ *Marion de Lorme*, II, 1; *Lucrece Borgia*, III, 1; *Angelo*, Second Day, Sc. 2; *Marie Tudor*, Second Day, Sc. 1; *Ruy Blas*, III, 2; *Les Burgraves*, Part One, Sc. 2.

²⁰ *Ruy Blas*, I, 5; *Hernani*, IV, 4

the light of the foregoing considerations, whether these alleged tragedies are not simply libretti,—libretti, indeed, of an unusually high order in that they are the work of a great poet, but conforming nevertheless to all the requisites of that *genre*. This objection, which might at first sight seem embarrassing, will appear less formidable if we compare any of Hugo's dramatic works with the opera that has been drawn from it. If we parallel, for instance, *Rigoletto* with *Le Roi S'amuse*, we find that Hugo's version contains five acts and 1,694 verses, while *Rigoletto* contains three acts and 706 verses. In other words, Hugo's arrangement is longer on paper than Piave's by two acts and 988 verses. The story, however, is identical in both works; and on the stage, if Verdi's music be added to Piave's words, the playing-time of both versions is also about equal. That is, Hugo's work consumes as much actual time in performance as do the combined efforts of Piave and Verdi, or, to express the equation mathematically, $\text{Hugo} = \text{Piave} + \text{Verdi}$. All of which implies that when making his adaptation, Piave eliminated Hugo's verbal music to make room for Verdi's tonal music. The deduction becomes, in consequence, unavoidable that *Le Roi S'amuse* is something more than a mere libretto. Comparison of his other works with the operas made out of them reveals the same process of condensation; in every case Hugo's orchestration has been deleted in order that space may be found for the composer's score. This compression, however, is not obtained by recasting the work; save for minor rearrangements, plot and characters remain unaltered. Retention intact by the librettists of both story and characters was made possible by the essentially musical nature of the original.

Hugo, in short, had an operatic mind; every dramatic idea from plot down to detail of scene occurred to him instinctively in terms of music drama. His astonishing faculty for expressing action through visual antithesis (gesture) or through musical antithesis; his setting forth of plot as well as characters in startling *chiaroscuro*; his fondness for pageant; above all, his use of words to create a mood similar to the set airs of opera rather than to unfold action by the shock of character on character stamps his work unmistakably as transposed music drama. It is to

this hybrid nature of his art that we may ascribe the misunderstanding it has aroused. Friends as well as foes seem to have been puzzled by its curious duality, for it invades at times the domain of tragedy as well as of opera. I have mentioned the scenes²¹ where the presence of actual music is necessary; there are instances of the opposite sort²² where the work is essentially on tragedy's side of the fence. In the main, however, Hugo's work conforms, with remarkable precision, to the peculiar demands of the *transposition d'art*.

That Hugo's *théâtre* should have failed to hold the affections of the French is not surprising. The Gaul is by nature a lover of the *genres tranchés*, and furthermore, he is, of all Continentals, the least musical. Transposed opera would in consequence have but few charms for him. The hostility of the classicists, however, has been hardly less amusing than the enthusiasm of the romanticists. Both sides, as usual, have shown little discretion and less acumen. They were too near the object to secure the proper perspective. Hugo's operas are certainly not the highest form of art, but neither are they the lowest. They belong, on the contrary, to an especial type of theatrical spectacle, a type that has a notably sophisticated nature, and that demands in consequence a similarly sophisticated appreciation. When met half-way, it will be found to possess its own peculiar beauty, and to give, in Aristotelian phrase, its own peculiar pleasure. The *transposition d'art*, moreover, has come to be accepted in other fields, and such works as Gautier's *Emaux et Camées*, or Richard Strauss's *Tone Poems* are no longer questioned. I fail to see, in consequence, why Hugo's operas should be denied recognition, for they are, in point of fact, little more than a different application of the same artistic principle. Indeed, we may properly say that just as Gautier painted pictures without colors, or Mendelssohn wrote songs without words, so Victor Hugo composed operas without music.

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²¹ *Hernani*, V, 3; *Le Roi S'amuse*, V, 3; *Ruy Blas*, II, 1; *Lucrèce Borgia*, III, 1, etc.

²² *Ruy Blas*; III, V; *Marion de Lorme*, IV, 8.

RIVERS AS NATIONAL BOUNDARIES

✓ Rivers as national boundaries and navigable streams as the exclusive property of riverine states have both received consideration in the Versailles Treaty and have been long and frequently a problem for solution at international congresses and conferences. This article proposes to point out something of the historical significance of rivers as boundaries between states.

An examination of the subject will reveal two patent facts: first, that rivers have not often been, and then only for particular reasons, lines of national demarcation; and, second, that riverine states in recent decades in proportion as they have progressed along modern industrial lines and have utilized their navigable streams, have been forced to surrender their claims to them as purely private property. The numerous navigable rivers of northern and central Europe bear illuminating testimony. A few important exceptions to the first statement, found in the New World, such as the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, the Rio Grande, and the La Plata, will be discussed later.

One of the definite tasks early Rome set for herself was control of Mount Janiculum and the north bank of the Tiber, nor was there permanent peace with her Etruscan neighbor until both banks were Roman. Thus the ancient city grew up on both sides of the river and extended her influence, commercial and political, up and down stream. Egypt has been overrun and occupied countless times by foreign kings and peoples, but its division into political and economic parts, if such were made, have uniformly been across stream. The valley bisected by the river has always continued to be a unit. These same principles of unity or division apply likewise when the historian comes to examine the significant rôle, through long centuries of prosperity or decline in the great Mesopotamian valley, played by the successive empires of Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, etc., down to the present time. The same fact appears in the history of the great valleys of the Indus and Ganges and of the rivers of China.

It is often stated as a rough generalization that the Rhine and the Danube were the frontier boundaries separating the ancient

Roman Empire on the south and west from the barbarian hordes on the north and east. The essential inaccuracy of this broad statement is readily noted on recalling the geography of the region of the victory of Arminius over the Roman legions in the Teutoburger forest, and of the long wars of Drusus and Tiberius. Varus and his contemporaries were not defending the Rhine; they were trying to crush out all organized military resistance and to bring under subjection to the Roman eagle a vast stretch of country eastward of this great river. Roman arms were more successful in ancient Dacia, the modern Transylvania and Roumania, a region fought for and held during nearly two centuries under Roman sway. The historian and the archaeologist have in recent decades marked many of the ancient fortified camps along the lines of defence miles inside the angle made by these two rivers. The wall starting from Rheinbrohl below Neuwied on the Rhine crosses the Lahn at Ems, and, changing its course, goes within ten kilometers of Giessen; again veering, it crosses the Main at Grosz-Krotzenburg, twenty-five kilometers east of Frankfort, and passes through Lorch, reaching the Danube at Eining below the mouth of the Ihm—a length of 550 kilometers, or some 350 miles.

The economic use and political control of the Rhine have been matters of adjustment at the close of every European war for three and a half centuries. Treitschke boldly declared that the next solemn duty of Germany was to subjugate territories astride her waterways—clearly having in mind Holland and Belgium. In this matter, however, the Pan-Germanists were merely reviving the ideas in Ernst Moritz Arndt's pamphlet of 1813, *The Rhine, not Germany's Boundary, but Germany's Stream*, which was largely instrumental in stiffening resistance to Napoleon and securing enlarged German control west of the Rhine through the Treaty of Vienna. The French have in recent decades claimed the Rhine as their 'natural' boundary. Napoleon once solved the whole question and at the same time justified his campaigns in the Low Countries through his famous pronouncement that Holland belonged to France because "composed of mud deposited by French rivers". The Entente Allies are now by treaty stipulation for thirty years astride the middle Rhine.

✓Viewed militarily, a river serves only as a defensive line for an army defeated and in retreat, or as a strategic line marking the advance of a victorious army. Otherwise it is either the boundary of a decadent people, or of an exhausted but aggressive enemy biding his time. In neither case is it looked upon as a natural boundary or a permanent barrier.

Racially, the inhabitants living on the opposite sides of a river are related by blood, and for sufficient reasons. Rivers are not reckoned as barriers to communication even by uncivilized peoples. Navigable streams are a new country's first highways. Ancient Egypt and the vast Mesopotamian region were and have remained racial, no less than political and economic, units, *because* of the Nile and the Euphrates and Tigris rivers, not in spite of these streams. Caesar found the villages and tilled fields of the Menapii, a Belgian tribe on both banks of the lower part of the Rhine. Gallic tribes at the dawn of history occupied both banks farther upstream. At a later period the westward movement of the Teutonic tribes gradually made it a Germanic river.

Ethnologists looking for racial markings in the valley of the Elbe, going southward from Hamburg, find at least three distinct groupings of the population: the lower Elbe, the middle Elbe (Saxony), and the upper (Bohemia). Bulgaria and Rumania have for years each laid claim to the Dobrudja on racial grounds. Serbia is now demanding the political annexation of that part of the Banat lying opposite her territory along the Danube, purely on the ground of racial affinity. There was, no doubt, some truth in the statement of the Germans at the close of the Franco-Prussian War, that the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine was simply bringing back stolen children to the German family. The Pan-Germans have with equal truth frankly argued and pleaded for the annexation of Holland and the Flemish part of Belgium. Not all children and blood-kin, however, prefer to live in the household of their foster-parents, as the successful revolutions in the two Americas clearly teach.

Not only did the early colonists in this country find the same tribes occupying both banks of rivers, but they themselves proceeded in this same fashion to settle the new country. The colonists of Virginia settled along the two banks of the James,

the York, and the Rappahanock, but for generations they used, even to the present day, these streams as the most satisfactory and dependable highways of communication. The Puritans along the Connecticut, the Dutch Patroons along the Hudson, the French on the St. Lawrence, extended their settlements back from both banks of these respective streams. As the pioneers after the Revolution began to break through the temporary barriers of the Appalachians they occupied either bank of the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, etc., as seemed most inviting or safest from attacks of the Indians. The French settlements along the Mississippi and its tributaries observed the same procedure.

This process, revealing itself so recently in the occupancy and settlement of our own country, has gone on in Europe and in the world at large, and will no doubt continue to operate. Rivers are man's first, greatest, and most permanent highways,—the natural routes of intercommunication and contact before the forests are cleared, footpaths are worn and roads are built. The great racial movements and invasions have taken place along streams on the two shores, as necessity or convenience has warranted; and the descendants of the invaders, or neighboring peoples caught in the advancing swirl, are to be found thus along the two banks of the Ganges and Indus, the Tigris and Euphrates, the Po, the Vistula, the Elbe, the Danube and the Rhine. It is, no doubt, literally true that every great racial movement in historic times out of Asia or eastern Europe into central or western Europe has moved along the Danube, following its shores and tributaries, picking up and leaving behind its myriads with each advancing flood. Naturally, the conference at Versailles has found no little difficulty in making nationalistic adjustments along this and other streams.

Another difficulty in the use of rivers as national boundaries is that lands lying on both sides of a river are frequently alluvial, relatively fertile, and hence desirable and valuable for agricultural purposes. If they border upon a navigable stream, their value is correspondingly enhanced, particularly at crossings, industrial centres, etc., which grow in importance with population and wealth. At all events, rivers are strong gravitating lines,

and the control of their waters, inclusive of their banks, may be and often is a strategic and economic necessity for a city, a province, or a state not otherwise provided with secure and dependable traffic connections. The stubborn tenacity with which Holland clings to Maastricht and through the centuries has resisted every alienating effort of the emperors of the Holy Roman Empire, the kings of Spain and France, and others, up to and including recent days, repels every suggestion of its surrender to Belgium, although apparently supported by at least the tacit approval of the Entente Allies, and bears concrete testimony to the settled determination of the Dutch to retain their foothold astride the Meuse. Equally illustrative of the same national feeling on the part of another country is Belgium's impatience to secure control of the Schelde from below Antwerp to the sea—a control guaranteed to the Netherlands as a condition of peace with Spain in 1648, at the close of the Thirty Years' war, and exercised to this day. The fate of Belgium in August and September, 1914, would have been much less tragic had King Albert controlled this deep-traffic river, with its bays and inlets by which the English reinforcements and supplies would have come direct to Antwerp and the battle-front. We may cite also the dogged reluctance Germany has shown in giving over Danzig, which sits astride and controls the lower Vistula. As previously stated, a river is inevitably the gravitating axis of both banks and their hinterlands. The denser the population, the more numerous the industries and industrial centres along its shores, the more congested the river traffic, the more frequent and necessary the intercourse from side to side, the more complicated the problem. The situation is difficult enough as between provinces or federated states; it becomes intolerable as between jealous, suspicious and ambitious nations. The central European states have seen themselves forced to grapple with this problem vigorously and have usually done so through the appointment of international commissions with extensive powers, whose duties are to supervise, direct and control the uses of these streams. In the nineteenth century such commissions revolutionized the traffic and other economic resources of the Rhine, the Elbe, and the Danube.

Contrary to the popular notion, rivers as national boundary lines are not even definite and fixed. They are constantly changing—lengthening or shortening their courses, widening or narrowing their beds, etc. The village of Neuburg was built in 1570 on the right bank of the middle Rhine, but stands now on the left bank, its original site not having been changed. Over and over does it happen along the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, that a family goes to bed at night in one county or even state to wake up the following morning in another. There is on record the name of a large cotton plantation containing several thousand acres, situated on the lower Mississippi, which escaped taxation for forty years on account of a sudden channel transfer and a consequent interstate suit in the Federal Courts. Newspaper reports the past winter refer to an acute situation of long standing between Texas and Oklahoma. As a result of a flood many years ago the Red river suddenly changed its course. Recent oil developments have increased the land values by scores of millions of dollars. This involves state revenue of no small significance, and for a time both commonwealths had their militia on guard along the river and in the disputed district. The case is now in the Federal Courts, but the settlement of international disputes is not always so simple, lacking such ready-to-hand and adequate machinery to adjudicate acute differences.

Such overnight change in the bed of the lower Rio Grande, due to sudden heavy rainfall, has repeatedly threatened to lead to serious international complications between the two countries and has necessitated the appointment of special commissions to re-mark or re-determine the line. The same uncertainty might and does occur in the long droughts, when a part or the whole of the river is lost in the shifting wind-driven sands. The exchanges of shots between our own troops and those of Mexico in recent years have become so frequent that specific instructions were given to officers in command along the river, and a kind of working agreement was temporarily made between the respective governments. It is worth bearing in mind, that these clashes have occurred along the Rio Grande, where it serves as the international boundary, and not in the upland regions to the west. The wisdom of the Gadsden Purchase, which changed the

boundary line from the Gila river to the upland watershed to the south and which gave unconditioned navigational connections through the Colorado with the Gulf of Lower California, will some day be appreciated at its worth.

The La Plata, separating Argentina and Uruguay, was long a source of irritation, until the two states negotiated a broadly planned treaty, providing for mutual use of the stream and controlling previously existing abuses. Virtually the same status formerly prevailed between the United States and Canada until the whole cause of friction was disposed of between Great Britain and our Government. The cases of acute friction in the past have occurred along the international waterways of the Great Lakes and their drainage and tributary streams, and the immediate causes can uniformly be traced to the misuse of national rights along these great lines of communication. The growth of population and industries along their shores and the rapid development of commerce on their waters have greatly increased the opportunity for abuse of the laws. Agreements have now been reached to penalize the residents of either country who may be guilty of violations of treaty law, and to secure proper adjustment of new conditions through international commissions.

Every one of the European provinces now demanding separate and independent national life either sits astride or is trying to obtain control of some navigable stream, not simply as a boundary or along one bank. The conscious motive prompting such act or such desire may be military or economic, or both; but the ethnologist justifies this demand for both banks by exhibiting proofs of racial integrity or affinity. The historian, looking backward and outward, tells us that it has always been so. It is probably true that a navigable river and estuary touching on or needed by two or more nations must be reckoned as an extended arm of the ocean projecting inland. In the older and more settled peoples of Europe and Asia, where society is no longer in flux, as in the western hemisphere, there is not a great river, nor has there been one in historic times, that furnishes either a racial, a linguistic, an economic, or an international boundary.

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THE FOCUS

In the cold and misty morn,
Just before the sun is born,
Comes a glow—
Roseate arrows warm and plummy
Like elysium striking through me
At a blow.

There 's a light that falls at even
From the silent vault of heaven
When the sky
Rolls in rippling waves that break
From the waters of the lake
On the eye.

Many kindred scattered gleams
Glide into my waking dreams
All day long,
Live and die in someone's look,
In the pages of a book
Or in a song

Whose soft lightnings fill the air,
Playing round some dark despair,
Shining on grief;
Though I cannot count or watch them,
Nor assemble them, nor catch them
To a sheaf.

Haply when at last I lie
Quietly stretched out to die,
Calm, complete :
I shall feel these Fires of Space
Like a light upon my face,
Lift my eyes and know the place
Where the rays meet.

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THE LATIN QUARTER AND THE SORBONNE

The Latin Quarter—ancient haunt of the students, artists, and law-clerks of Paris—is slowly changing its aspect. It is no longer the scene of riotous celebrations such as those of the "Brotherhood of Fools" in the *Basoche*—that organization of liberty-loving, wanton, literary-minded 'scholars' and clerks of the Palais de Justice, that kept Paris on the *qui vive* during the reign of Louis XII, "father of the people". Surcharged though it still, fortunately, is, with time-honored spots of peculiar attractiveness—the *quais* with their rows of bookstalls, the numberless schools, the tumbledown houses with shingles informing the curious that the painter, Jean Goujon, or the historian, Jules Michelet, was to be counted among the inhabitants of the Quarter during the greater or lesser portion of his life—the Quartier latin is beginning to put on an attitude of respectability and the diurnality that will soon completely overshadow the mysterious magic of its venerable origins. The ancient bookshops and celebrated taverns of the Boul' Mich' bashfully hide their dust-laden shelves and their polished tables beneath the glistening gaze of up-to-date *magasins* and of busy automobile agencies; and dilapidated homes are being fitted up with the "most recent modern improvements" to meet the ever unsatisfied demands for lodgings occasioned by the unnaturally rapid increase in the population of the French capital. The students—and the Quartier fairly teems with students—either inhabit other, less notorious sections of Paris, in which case they seem to spend no more time in the neighborhood of the schools than is actually demanded of them, or, as with the larger majority of the many foreign students, they have their rooms in one or another of the crooked, history-freighted streets of the Quarter, where they pore diligently over their books, with the *licence* or the *agrégation* constantly hovering before them. An air of seriousness prevails that is at once gratifying and disappointing.

To be sure, the Boulevard St. Michel by no means wears the air of a by-street in a provincial town. The "throbbing heart of the Latin Quarter" is still the resort of pleasure-seeking

boulevardiers and of students in search of relaxation from their various exertions. The *cafés*, big and small, all seem to have their *clientèle* of patrons who religiously pass long evenings before a glass of wine or a bock, and while away their time telling interminable stories or uttering compliments to the *cocottes* upon whom the managements of these establishments count so largely for the swelling of their incomes. At the Café d'Harcourt or the Taverne du Panthéon can still stare with reverence upon men whose garb, at least, announces them to be notorious Futurists in art and upon women whose utter nonchalance, as they sip their cordials and smoke their scented cigarettes, proclaims them to be the present-day Aspasia of more than one Pericles well-known in governmental or literary circles.

All this, however, it soon becomes evident, is but the meaningless tinsel of the Latin Quarter; there is in it very little of that spontaneous vivacity that made it an inevitable element of the life of the Quartier of bygone days. It is the schools that predominate to-day, not the *cafés*. The Sorbonne—oldest of universities—is crowded as it has never been in its history. The other two faculties of the University of Paris, those of law and medicine, count their students by the thousands. To obtain seats at any one of the public lectures, students are obliged to be on hand a half-hour in advance of the time announced for the arrival of the professor. The same general condition holds true—comparatively, of course—for the Collège de France, the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, the Ecole Polytechnique, and all the other educational institutions of which the Quartier may so justly boast. The French youth—male and female—seems inspired by a passionate desire for knowledge that is shared, in a much more reservedly curious fashion, by the hundreds of strangers who tread the halls of these hoary institutions.

There is little or no resemblance between the Sorbonne and a typical American university—whether the latter be a private corporation or under the control of the state. 'Campus', in the American college sense of the term, the Sorbonne knows not; the nearest approach is the central courtyard, bounded on three sides by the lecture-halls and on the fourth by the rear entrance of the Church of the Sorbonne, wherein lies entombed its patron,

Cardinal de Richelieu. Lacking the American 'campus', the Sorbonne lacks that other quality so characteristic of the American college (of course, it is true that the Sorbonne is a university and not a college), the *esprit de corps* of the student-body. The students are allowed complete liberty in mapping out their programmes, with the result that no two students follow precisely the same course and very few have more than two or three hours weekly in common. As a result, the aspect of practically every class is different, and no one is overwhelmingly interested in the work and the progress of his neighbor. The same is true of the relations between students and professor; in lecture-hall or class-room, the professor is scarcely aware of the identity of the individual students; need it be added, then, that the intimacy between professor and student that often enters to make American college life so personally interesting is entirely non-existent here? In the lecture-hall or the 'Seminar' Retreat, the attitude of the professor is that of the thoroughly impartial *savant*, actuated by the love of and the search for the truth. It is only occasionally that one hears from the *chaire* of the public lecturer a chauvinistic utterance that one would expect to come only from the lips of a Treitschke, but even the natives among the students do not react very favorably to such misplaced outbursts, and the applause is often only tepid. The impression produced by the Sorbonne is that of a hive almost bursting with human bees of the most industrious type, all engaged in the production and the storing of the sweetest and most precious of all honies—the honey of science, of the "truth that alone frees", of the brotherhood that binds all men and transcends the boundaries of nationality, creed, sex, and color. Truly, the Sorbonne stands for all that is highest, not merely in the multi-colored activity of the Latin Quarter, but in the complex of French life itself, and the present-day leadership of French letters and art is assured so long as these remain inspired by the traditions that have raised the University of Paris to the lofty position it now occupies.

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SAUL AMONG THE POETS¹

One thing that sets Gamaliel Bradford apart from other new artists in verse is the fact that he is not a young man. Were he young, we should probably find, along with much ardor and prodigality of beauty, the unsure technique, the uncertain taste, the immature philosophy of life, and the half-blind, self-baffling onset of furious energy that mark the beginner; we should say to ourselves that we must watch this man to see whether he will fulfill his promise. As the matter stands, however, we are teased by no such mingling of hopes and fears; instead, we are delighted by a technique that is finished and flexible, a taste that is finely developed, a wisdom mellowed by long acquaintance with human life, and the restraint of faculties and impulses that have learned how to work together. We have the rare fortune to discover, not promise, but achievement.

A second distinction possessed by Mr. Bradford is his appearance as a poet after he has made a name for himself in other departments of literature. This is precisely the reverse of what ordinarily happens. A writer gains facility and mastery of rhythm by experimenting with metre; then outwears his first youthful raptures, learns where his true gift lies, and, turning to prose, writes essays or histories or novels. Mr. Bradford has served an apprenticeship in almost every branch of literary activity. To most of his readers he is no doubt best known for his portraits of notable personalities. Some years ago he published, first serially in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and later in book form, a study of Robert E. Lee which, renouncing the methods and purposes of biography, lays emphasis on the little incidents and casual words that reveal character, and through a really remarkable combination of analysis and synthesis gives us our best revelation of Lee the man. The same searching investigation of character Mr. Bradford has since applied to a long succession

¹ *Shadow Verses*. By Gamaliel Bradford. New Haven: Yale University Press.—*A Prophet of Joy*. By Gamaliel Bradford. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

of figures, mostly American—Civil War leaders, distinguished women, writers of the past generation, and the like. His contributions have appeared in several of our periodicals,² and in particular have become one of the most popular features of the *Atlantic Monthly*. To find him among the poets, therefore, is almost as amazing as to find Saul of old among the prophets.

The surprise, to be sure, is a relative one. Some years ago Mr. Bradford published a collection of sonnets under the title *A Pageant of Life*. Moreover, many of his lyrics have in the past two or three years been published in *Contemporary Verse* and reproduced in anthologies.

Of the two volumes under consideration the one called *Shadow Verses* probably takes its title from the passage, cited from *The Duchess of Malfi*, in which mankind is spoken of as living in—

“ . . . a shadow, or deep pit of darkness.”

Omitting the title-page, table of contents, etc., we have exactly seventy printed pages and seventy poems, of which the longest does not contain more than six or seven stanzas in quatrains. The themes, as the poet himself affirms, are few:—

“Love, God, and glory,
Laughter and dreams.”

But the intimacy with which Mr. Bradford treats these, and certain other, themes lends the volume distinction: the intimacy and the subjectiveness. These qualities the opening piece frankly proclaims:—

“I put my heart in verses,

A diary in rhyme.”

In his youth the poet, as he tells us, was hot and eager; he neglected what lay at hand in his yearning for something ampler and different. But now he feeds his soul on once rejected crumbs. He confesses himself a stay-at-home, a drone, who, instead of running after life, lets it come to him. Mentally, emotionally, spiritually, however, he knows anything but quietude.

² An essay entitled *The Women of Middleton and Webster* appeared in THE SEWANEE REVIEW for January, 1921.

He leads an existence which, if not shaken by external disturbance, is yet informed and teeming with imagination, observation, reflection, fancies, fears:—

“One broad, perpetual riot
Enfolds me night and day.
You think my life is quiet?
You don't know what you say.”

The themes are less restricted in number than Mr. Bradford states. They include objects and experiences alien to few households: nerves and nurses and clocks and expenses. They include other objects and experiences not so universally familiar, as the pleasures of writing comedy, the diversion and disappointments of writing a novel, the feelings of adoration for Lee which a man has who has studied him for ten years. They include several *Heinelets*, or topics treated with Heine-like mockery, and a mixture of humor and pathos (in *Anacreon's Apology*) as dainty as Herrick's or Matthew Prior's. And they include God. Indeed, the most popular piece in the volume is the semi-facetious, semi-serious one called *Exit God*, in which the poet almost wishes God back in the world, since, although He might lack some of the virtues,—

“He had His pleasant side.”

Other pieces on the subject are more intense and outspoken. In the last poem in the volume, Mr. Bradford declares that whatever else he may be interested in, God is his one unchanged obsession. The same idea he expresses in this lyric:—

“I think about God.
Yet I talk of small matters.
Now isn't it odd
How my idle tongue chatters!
Of quarrelsome neighbors,
Fine weather and rain,
Indifferent labors,
Indifferent pain,
Some trivial style
Fashion shifts with a nod.
And yet all the while
I am thinking of God.”

It is apparent by this time that Mr. Bradford's ripened mind can touch with significance the topics he chooses to broach. In fact, these incisive lyrics of his are not more notable for their intimacy and subjectiveness than for their depth. Take as an example a poem which one might think at first trivial or shallow:—

"When I was a little boy,
I followed hope and slighted joy,
Now my wit has larger scope,
I clutch at joy and heed not hope.

"At least that doctrine I profess,
For there I know lies happiness;
But hope, for all the shifts I try,
Will be my sovereign till I die."

Where else can one find packed and crammed into a few words such a complete exposition of the conflicting claims of hope and joy on bewildered human nature? What whole book devoted to the subject could add one jot to the feeling or thought conveyed by these eight simple lines? What other poet can express a great fundamental truth with such epigrammatic neatness and finality? Emerson can, but Emerson is cold. Shakespeare can; there are whole philosophies and religions in Hamlet's sentence: "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so". But in the select company that possesses this power of giving us "infinite riches in a little room" Mr. Bradford certainly has a place, and we must not take slightly anything he writes, however limpid its expression or however casual its appearance.

The fact that these "shadow verses" form a personal revelation of the poet's inner life does not at all make them seem remote from the concerns of the reader. None of us is unique, none of us lacks kinship with our kind; in the poem called *Rousseau* Mr. Bradford marvels that anyone can assert fundamental unlikeness to his fellows. In his own inner life, he declares, is pretty much of everything, whether earthly or ethereal, that belongs to other men. Moreover, he warns us in the beginning that he mixes other folks' psychology with his own sensations, and he mischievously inquires whether it is not a dainty task to disentangle him from the others. It is. He aspires

to picture us as well as himself—not us as we look, but as we tumultuously are within; he declares that all other pursuits must pale by the magical charm of studying human souls. Thus not only does a delightful personality commune with us, but likewise we obtain a deeper understanding of ourselves and of things that are real and ultimate in life.

Mr. Bradford's "swallow-flights of song", although they seem certain to be represented in the *Golden Treasures* of the future, could not in themselves establish his reputation for mastery over other than a limited province of poetry. But taken with the other volume under review, they show his astonishing versatility. Indeed, *A Prophet of Joy*, a volume quite as successful in its kind, can with difficulty be accepted as a work from the same hand. Instead of comprising threescore and ten of short lyrics, it consists of a single narrative poem in six books, each long enough to contain some hundred or so of stanzas in *ottava rima*. In treatment it is objective: it is filled with the glitter and variety of external happenings. In *genre* it in no sense approaches the 'confession'; on the contrary, it constitutes—despite its irradiating sunshine—an immense satire on modern life.

Yet to the discerning the sameness of authorship at length becomes credible. Both volumes show the faculty for concise expression. Into the subjectiveness of the one intrude the interests of the outside world; into the objectiveness of the other intrude the same wisdom and flashing imagination of an affluent personality. In the one is the perception that "the world is all awry", and an echo of the Chaucerian precept:—

"Tempest thee not all crooked[ness] to redress";

in the other is the conviction that schemes of reform, however beautiful in themselves, leave the external world unaffected. Yet, inherent in both is the faith that we may weave happiness out of our inner resources. And in both is the same delightful spirit—playful, mocking, eager, sympathetic, inquiring and always sincere.

The hero of *A Prophet of Joy* is named Smith. His first name, Percival, is more poetic—an advantage not by any means paralleled by all the other characters in the poem. His father,

Simon Peter Smith, is a grimly religious millionaire who has both loved and distrusted the instinctive joyousness of Percival's dead mother, and has tried to suppress similar tendencies in Percival. But the lad is a fountain of spontaneous and light-hearted happiness. He observes that most of our woes are borrowed, decides that our unavoidable sorrows are accidents which we should submerge in the pleasures that lie about us, and conceives the idea of going forth in his careless and graceful way to preach informally his doctrine of enjoyment and content; wherefore during his father's absence in Europe he wanders from home.

So far, of course, we have only the preliminaries—Percival's actual mission is what makes the story. Mr. Bradford is too skilful to lump this introductory matter in the beginning. He follows the true epic formula of plunging *in medias res*:—

"Miss Theodora Perkins was unwed
At thirty-five, yet delicately charming,"

are the first lines that greet us, and it is in Miss Theodora's arbor that we catch our initial glimpse of the red-capped, streaming-tied, empty-pocketed, and faun-like Percival. He, although a little fantastic, is so genial and fascinating that we resolve to keep him company as long as we may. This will involve travel, we surmise; for we cannot believe that either his vagrant spirit or his mission of good-cheer will permit him to remain in his haven.

We are right. Presently Percival slips off with fifty dollars which he irresponsibly borrows without asking leave of his hostess. He encounters, first and last, nearly all classes and conditions of modern life in rowdies, chambermaids, motherly cooks, idle heirs of great fortunes, girls who scoff at his theories, girls who love him in spite of his theories, scandal-mongering reporters anxious for a scoop, wizards of the stock-exchange, socialists, anarchists, Christian Scientists, Episcopalian clergymen, 'movie' actors and actresses, and what not. With one and all of these he is enchantingly himself. To one and all he expounds his beliefs, always charmingly, though not always strictly in season. He shocks a good many of them, amuses others, shakes or upsets cherished notions, dazzles us as well as his other hearers by his

golden command of language, and above all flits hither and yon as the airy embodiment of his own theories.

At no time does his whimsical nature better reveal itself than in his closing speech in a Congressional campaign which his relationships with the mighty enable him to make. In this speech he points out the absurdities of the fanatical opposition, points out with equal frankness the absurdities of his own stand-pat support, and proclaims his independence. The result? He is triumphantly elected. But enemies rise up against him as against any man, and his many friends doubt whether his scheme will lead to anything practical. In truth it does not. He dies in a futile attempt to compose an old grudge between an employer and laborers. For even his failure, however, there is some consolation. He does not live long enough to sully his pure blitheness of spirit through compromise with the sordidness of the world.

If he did not have a panacea for the ills of mankind, Percival was at least consistently happy himself, and his bright figure and somewhat quixotic mission will delight those readers who are interested first and foremost in accounts of human action. In *A Prophet of Joy*, however, as in *Gulliver's Travels*, the core of the matter lies less in the story, absorbing as it is, than in the portrayal of this faulty and blundering race of ours. Not that Mr. Bradford's satire has the morose acerbity of Swift's. It is hardly satire at all. It is rather comedy, the passing in kindly but diverting review of the whole human spectacle; and although the poet has the detachment to see with huge mirth the follies of creatures of clay, he also has the sympathy to know how life looks and what it means to the least one of us.

This is one of the points in which *A Prophet of Joy* differs fundamentally from *Don Juan*, that other brilliant social satire in ottava rima. That *A Prophet of Joy* will be compared with Byron's masterpiece is inevitable. Mr. Bradford, it is clear, knows his Byron; nay, is indebted to him. Yet he is strikingly original. He shows nothing of the nobleman's scornful egotism or inability to escape from the personal point of view. Unlike Byron, he does not forget artistic unity or add canto after canto with careless disconnection. His work meets the Aristotelian test of

having a beginning, a middle, and an end; it is not held in severe formal bonds, and yet it is complete.

Moreover, Mr. Bradford is no mere imitator in his manipulation of the most dazzling and appropriate of all satiric stanzas. He does not seek to rival Byron's daring in grotesque rhymes. He has no "intellectuals—henpecked-you-alls". "Vicissitude—illicit-hued" and "hominem—woman am" are as far as he goes in forced correspondences of sound. Yet the demand for wealth and variety of rhymes made by a stanza of this kind in a poem of this length he meets with the ease of abundant resource. And he adapts his medium perfectly to the subject-matter. He has not, it is true, anything so sublime as the shipwreck scene in *Don Juan*, but he displays an effortless mastery in gay or languorous movement, in grave discussion, in quizzical mockery, in leisurely description, in swift narrative, or in shattering anticlimax—nor do his anti-climaxes ever seem, as Byron's sometimes do, a cover for inability to sustain the tone.

Mr. Bradford, as we have said, has brought not promise but achievement. The two volumes are a real contribution to American poetry. Just how high the future will rank them we do not hazard a guess. But of this we are sure, that in themselves they are sufficient to make the literary year of 1920 remembered.

GARLAND GREEVER.

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AS A FRENCH JOURNALIST SEES THEM *

Stéphane Lauzanne is the editor of the Paris *Matin*, one of the most widely circulated and most influential daily newspapers in the world. But he is more than this, although this is already a great deal. There are other newspapers in Europe, as successful and important as the *Matin*, about whose editors we Americans know little or nothing. Stéphane Lauzanne is not only a useful citizen of France, he is also a friend of America and a student of American institutions. He has visited us two or three times, during the war as a member of the French High Commission; he is a frequent contributor to the columns of several American magazines; and in 1918 he published in this country his little book *Fighting France*. If we accept him at his own estimate,—or more strictly at his estimate of the journalistic fraternity, for he is too modest a man and too tactful a Frenchman to boast of his personal merits,—he has something to tell us which we can believe and profit by. "The journalist", he remarks in the picturesque preface to his latest book, "has in reality only one ancestor, Diogenes. He goes through life, lantern in fist, searching everywhere for a man. . . . The journalist, for all his faults, has one virtue which the politician has not: he is sincere. If in his judgments of men and things, he is not always free from passion, he is at least almost always exempt from personal interest. He has no plan of replacing those whom he criticizes, nor any expectation of being elected to office by those whom he praises. He has no desire for power. . . ." If all this is not always as true as it sounds plausible,—witness, for example, Monsieur Lauzanne's *confrère* and pet aversion, the American journalist William Randolph Hearst,—it seems clear that Lauzanne himself, though the determined champion of a cause (the cause, namely, of safety and justice for France), deserves his general reputation for sanity and sincerity.

* *Les Hommes que j'ai vus. Souvenirs d'un journaliste.* Par Stéphane Lauzanne. Paris: Arteme Fayard. 1920.

On Lafayette day, 1918, Monsieur Lauzanne and our late ambassador to Germany, James W. Gerard, were the speakers at a celebration in Milwaukee. In his speech on that occasion Gerard was vehement and bitter in his demand that Germany be made to suffer for her crimes and that the Kaiser, as well as the other leading culprits, be brought speedily to the bar of judgment. Likewise, Premier Lloyd George, in December of the same year,—Lloyd George, whom Lauzanne is fond of styling 'The Eel',—declared in an address at Bristol that Germany must pay to the last penny, or that Britain would "go into her pockets". Lauzanne himself had never been so violent. He had never asked that Germany be punished,—partly, it would seem, for the cynical reason that he considered it impossible to show her the need and purpose of punishment. His position, stated with that convincing clarity which he always commands, was simply that she must make reparation and give permanent guarantees, not for her own disciplining, but for France's safety. Lloyd George and others might swing from indignation toward Germany to something like sympathy with her; Lauzanne and his ilk remained perfectly consistent in their contention that Germany had forfeited all right to consideration; that the one great aim of the world reorganizers must be to insure the rest of the world security and freedom. "It is possible", he writes in an American magazine, "that vanquished Germany has a right to pity. But it is much more certain that victorious France has a right to life."

Identified as Lauzanne thus is with the cause of France's rehabilitation, the reader takes up his recent book of biographies (*Les Hommes que j'ai vus. Souvenirs d'un journaliste*) with the expectation that his estimate of the notables he proposes to discuss will be largely determined, for each of them, by that distinguished character's attitude toward France. Colonel House he heartily approves. Colonel House found ministerial France and ministerial England, as late as the early summer of 1914, immersed in national wrangles and careless of the German menace, and cried his Cassandra prophecies—an unfortunate figure to apply to the taciturn Colonel House, but it seems the best available—into deaf ears. Moreover, Colonel House has said that France has

two virtues, the virtue of the soldier and the virtue of the civilizer; that she is at the same time the cradle of world civilization and the cradle of the most warlike race in history. As for Theodore Roosevelt, Monsieur Lauzanne is eloquent in his admiration. Everybody knows Roosevelt's attitude toward Germany; and Roosevelt said that France ". . . will remain, of all nations, the one whose figure is the most heroic and the most charming". He is impressed with the penetration of ex-President Raymond Poincaré, who saw the war on the horizon at least as far back as the beginning of 1912, and tried to persuade France to make ready. He has unsparing praise for Ambassador Jusserand, for his dignified and gentlemanly French propaganda in this country, which never condescended to the sophistication and dishonesty of a Bernstorff, and which succeeded because it was clean and candid. And he dislikes Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Wilson, Hearst and a motley crew of others because in one or another of widely different ways, they have failed to work for the permanent security and prosperity of France. However his title may run, Monsieur Lauzanne has only one subject.

But he handles it well. His article in the *Outlook* for July 7th, 1920, on *What the War Cost France in Art Treasures* is the best place to which an American could go for a vivid and exact impression of the war's effect on the artistic monuments of the north of France. And in April of the same year he had published in the *North American Review*, under the spirited title *France's Prisoner of the Republic*, a masterly presentation, in small compass, of the functions of the French President, with a study of Clemenceau which demonstrated his unfitness for the position. And everywhere his love of France, his dislike of her enemies and his distrust of the lukewarm, are so firmly and finely put that it is rarely easy to disapprove and scarcely ever possible not to admire.

And it is a relief to note that this vigorous partisan, critical as he is of certain Americans, is on the whole a sturdy friend of America. Back in the blackest days of the war, he told in the *Forum* of a small boy he had chanced upon in a French school, busy with a copy of a United States history. "What do you think of the United States?" the journalist asked. "I have discovered", said the little fellow, "that America is the only country that we

have never fought." And Editor Lauzanne cherishes the hope that our past relations are a guarantee of friendship for the future. He attributes Jusserand's success at gaining friends here for France to his intimate knowledge of the American temper; and he tells us how he himself failed to carry with him his auditors at Columbia University during the war, because, addressing them on France's claims in Alsace-Lorraine, he thought it sufficient to give vent to his patriotic emotions; and how, perceiving his error and profiting by it, he was received with enthusiastic approval two weeks later at the University of South Carolina, where he took the precaution to go back of 1871, to establish France's right to the region by the citation of the Mulhouse referendum of 1798, the treaty of Westphalia in 1648, and the Friedwald treaty of 1552. The inference is pleasant. We Americans are cautious of the demagogue; a nation of David Crocketts, we make sure that we are right, and then step out decidedly. Beset as we still are with questions no less serious than the one we answered so firmly in the spring of 1917, let us hope that in every case the event will prove Editor Lauzanne a solid judge of national character.

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BOOK REVIEWS

THE DEFENSOR PACIS OF MARSIGLIO OF PADUA. A Critical Study. By Ephraim Emerton. Harvard Theological Studies, No. VIII. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1920. Pp. ii, 81.

It is fortunate that we owe to Dr. Emerton this timely treatise on a valuable subject, never before adequately treated. Not only to a large number of Harvard men, but also to the scholarly public, Dr. Emerton, by his lectures and books, has proved himself the interpreter of the Mediæval period of European history.

In many respects the little book here paraphrased and interpreted is one of the most remarkable literary products of the Middle Ages, and is a political classic. Only partial translations of it have appeared in English, although one of them was made very significantly by the order of Henry VIII in the course of his struggle with the Papacy. There are very few studies of it accessible to the English reader. The author, Marsiglio, although not a member of any of the learned orders, either Franciscan or Dominican, was a physician in priest's orders, and for several years Rector of the University of Paris, at the time of, and probably in intimate relations with, William of Ockham, the great English Franciscan whose Nominalistic philosophy was the last product of Scholastic Dialectic and had much in common with Marsiglio's political theories. Both of these great scholars gave their services to the Emperor Louis IV in his struggle with his rival, Frederick of Austria, and with the Pope, John XXII, in the first half of the fourteenth century.

The most noteworthy features of the book are: first, the author's complete overthrow of the papal claims of supremacy ("coercive jurisdiction") over State as well as Church, whether based on Scripture, on reason, or on history; second: the laying down clearly, irrefutably, and with wonderful prophetic genius, the real source of human authority and power, the basis of all true government—the people—thus anticipating ecclesiastical and political conclusions by many centuries.

"The real Lawgiver," [he declares] "that is, the primary and essential and efficient source of Law, is the people:

that is, the whole body of citizens, or a majority of them, acting of their own free choice, openly declared in a general assembly of the citizens, and prescribing some things to be done or not done in regard to civil affairs, under penalty of temporal punishment". [It makes no difference] "whether the whole body of citizens, or its majority, acts of itself immediately, or entrusts the matter to one or more persons to act for it. Such person or persons are not and cannot be the Lawgiver in the strict sense, but only for a specific purpose and at a given time and on the authority of the primary Lawgiver."

This is a clear and sound statement of the fundamental principles of true democracy as maintained, even if not perfectly realized, to-day, and it was put forth in 1324!

In details, however, Marsiglio shows himself still under the sway of Aristotle and mediæval conditions, for he defines a citizen as "one who has a share in the government of the civil community, either in an executive or in a judicial capacity according to his degree", excluding boys, slaves, foreigners and women.

"In making laws, wise men, expert in the law, should be chosen in the general assembly of the citizens and entrusted with the framing of bills, which should then be submitted to the citizens, in convention, for amendment or rejection. Then, after a general hearing and consideration, again men are to be chosen who, as representatives of the authority of the body of citizens, should approve or reject the proposed bills, in whole or in part, or this may be done, if they so choose, by the body of the citizens themselves, or the majority of them. After this approval the bills become laws, and are to be so designated, but not before. The ruler must govern according to the laws, but he must be of such quality that he can supplement them by what the jurists call 'equity'. To enforce the law the ruler should have a sufficient armed force, but this should not be allowed him until after his election."

By reason of his medical training, Marsiglio is fond of analogies between the physical life and the life of the State. He never forgets that the State is a living organism with its directing force and its executive members. It might have been expected that, with his doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, Marsiglio would have been an advocate of a purely democratic form of

government. Such, however, is not the case. A limited monarchy rests upon the consent of the people. As a matter of fact, he does not declare himself theoretically in favor of any one type of government. Only the practically best under all circumstances is to be expected, but it is the limited monarchy which is assumed in all his later treatment of the subject; naturally, when writing in defence of the emperor. He favors also an elected ruler rather than a hereditary one, for similar reasons.

In the concluding chapter of the first part the author defends and explains his choice of a title—the Protector, or Advocate or Maintainer of Peace. The object of the government is to secure peace, which is the orderly working of all parts of the State, according to the nature and purpose of each. It consists in the free interchange of the activities of the citizens, their mutual aid as against any hindrance from outside, and in the participation of all in the advantages of their common life, each in his own degree. The opposite of all this is discord.

Now comes in the Church as the disturbing element, thus requiring a new adjustment of powers. It is this cause which, by hindering the activities of its ruler, has deprived and still deprives the 'Italian Kingdom' of peace and its blessings, filling it with every sort of misery and injustice. To this subject Marsiglio accordingly addresses himself.

He considers first the change of theory as to the origin and development of the papal powers. The original basis of the papal claim was the historical development. Then came the first Christian emperor, Constantine, and "a certain grant which some say was made by Constantine to Sylvester" (Bishop of Rome in the time of Constantine). This grant, the so-called 'Donation of Constantine', is now generally recognized as a forgery of the eighth century, but at that time was regarded as genuine; of which Dante a few years earlier had said:—

"Ah, Constantine! of how much ill was mother
Not thy conversion, but that marriage dower
Which the first wealthy Father took from thee."

Marsiglio, as we have seen, refers to it as of doubtful authority, and turns it against the popes by drawing from it the conclusion that even the ecclesiastical supremacy of the papacy rested on

an imperial grant, and therefore was merely human and invalid. Even at the best, the grant was not sufficiently explicit and authoritative, therefore the popes at a later period based their coercive jurisdiction over the whole world (the cause of all the trouble) upon another title, namely, the plenitude of power, which, they assert, was granted by Christ to St. Peter and his successors in the Roman See as Vicars of Christ. In other words, the Roman claim has been transferred from the historical basis to a theoretical one. The course of history changes, but a theory, if it can be maintained as a divine ordinance, does not change. In this lay the obvious advantage of the Roman position, and here has been the most difficult point for its opponents to overcome. For, as Christ had plenitude of power over all, so those who call themselves the Vicars of Christ gradually worm themselves into others' rights, especially those of the empire, until they claim temporal coercive jurisdiction over all subjects of the empire; in Germany as well as in Italy. This is the cause of the existing discord which prevents the emperor from exercising his power to keep the peace, and hence all wise and powerful men should unite to check these usurpations.

Marsiglio then proceeds to break down the whole papal theory. We need not follow the reasoning, which uses or anticipates all the anti-papal arguments with telling effect. One or two of the points collateral with his political positions in the first part may, however, be noted. The Church, he states, consists not of the clergy alone, as the papal theory (based on the Forged Decretals) maintains, but of all those who belong to it,—the whole body of believers. The unit of Christian fellowship is the individual Christian. Not the order, the class, the official college determines the status of the individual; it is the body of individuals that gives sanction to every one of its organs. It is this emphasis upon the right and standing of the individual Christian that runs like a golden thread through the whole fabric of Marsiglio's demonstration. This distinction between 'temporal' and 'spiritual', he declares, is not a distinction between persons but between things and their uses. He discusses very thoroughly the Petrine legend and dismisses it for what it is worth. "Never with all the resources of modern scholarship has anything es-

sential been added", says Dr. Emerton, "to the chain of evidence which has shown the weakness of the Petrine claim as the basis of papal supremacy." In all his argument, however, Marsiglio clearly indicates that so far as the Roman bishopric represents an ancient and honorable tradition of sound doctrine and correct practice, he is ready to admit its claim to the reverence, and, within limits, even to the obedience of Christendom. He will not admit any such basis of divine appointment as entitles Rome to any coercive jurisdiction over other bishoprics or over civil powers.

In conclusion, let us briefly turn our attention to the constructive part of his argument. "Where", as Dr. Emerton asks, "are we to look for such authoritative interpretation of Christian faith and practice as shall secure the Church against those errors and schisms which Marsiglio recognizes as fatal to the essential unity of Christendom?" His answer was the first proclamation in the century-long campaign which was to result in the great series of General Councils for reformation in head and members. As Marsiglio's doctrine of the people as the source of law penetrated more deeply and more widely into the consciousness of thinking men, the feeling that this same principle must be extended to the Church as well as to the State grew more intense until it culminated in an irresistible demonstration. Elaborate provisions are made for these General Councils: attendance obligatory, laymen to participate, reform of the electoral system of the Bishop of Rome and of other bishops. After a severe arraignment of the Roman Curia he proposes the remedy—a General Council, which should forbid even the use of the term plenitude of power by the Roman bishop or by anyone else. The supreme authority is the Bible:—

"I will accept opinions in harmony with the canon of Scripture, and reject those which are discordant therewith, but never without the support of Scripture, on which I shall always rely."

"Marsiglio of Padua", concludes Dr. Emerton, "is the prophet of that new world of thought and action, to which in default of a better word we give the name of 'modern'. It is the world in which the right of a man to think as he must and to asso-

ciate himself with others who think, on the whole, as he does, is the dominating principle of social organization."

CHARLES L. WELLS.

THE CALL TO UNITY. The Bedell Lectures for 1919. By William T. Manning, S. T. D., D. C. L., New York: The Macmillan Company. 1921. Pp. 119, with appendix.

Significant of the times is the appearance of this thoughtful and stimulating volume by the Bishop-elect of New York, as presenting in a semi-official manner the mature mind of the Episcopal Church in America, and, indeed, throughout the world (witness the authoritative documents quoted in the appendix) towards the disquieting problem of Christendom to-day,—the problem of unity. While the author speaks only for himself, nevertheless it is impossible to forget that he is a member of the Commission on Faith and Order, and may be assumed to voice the general mind of that official body appointed by the General Convention; moreover, Dr. Manning has won for himself international leadership in the discussions and approaches with spokesmen of other communions, a fact which gives to his careful utterances a somewhat representative character.

Here is a volume, then, which invites attention and arouses interest. The sympathetic reader will not be disappointed. The dispassionate analysis of the situation confronting a divided and suspicious Christendom is sufficiently appalling to sober and chasten the minds of all who are thus vividly confronted with the facts, and to create that judicious and sympathetic temper which is the prerequisite to any solution of the thorny problem,—a temper which the statesmanlike author not only urges but admirably exhibits and commends.

The problem is stated in the first lecture in general terms, as brought to the front by the great modern urge toward fellowship, the Will to Unity, a movement which has ceased to be a sentiment only and has become a compelling vision, a conviction of conscience generating great moral enthusiasm. The lurid light of a world aflame with war has revealed a situation to most of us unsuspected; not so much the bitterness as the wastefulness, the needlessness and impotence of a divided Christianity, inca-

pable in its weakened and anæmic condition of preventing or ameliorating war, or of solving the problems of peace.

The Church does not present a united front either abroad in the mission field, or at home, where the forces of irreligion are active and confident. But the realization of the apparent weakness of Christianity brings also the revelation of its actual strength, for this unity which becomes a spiritual passion when once its necessity and promise are made plain, is seen not to be something which must be added to the present equipment of the Church, but a thing which we already possess, did we but know it, one of the four inherent, divine notes of the Church. The author quotes his former master at Sewanee, the late Professor W. P. DuBose (to whom the volume is affectionately dedicated) in recognition, of that "oneness in Christ which is the essence and definition of Christianity, which is ours in spite of our differences, and within which our differences would quickly melt down into not merely pardonable, or permissible, but even contributory and compleitive diversities". A similar recognition is contained in a statement of representatives of the English Free Churches that "in the Apostolic Church, amid considerable diversity of type and polity, unity was regarded as an essential note, a unity spiritual first, but also visible and effective". (p. 15.)

Having thus laid a firm philosophic basis, Dr. Manning proceeds to inquire into the present outlook for unity, and to suggest the most hopeful and promising approach. Finally he applies the general conclusion of the discussions to the particular problem as presented to the great national churches of the Anglican Communion. Occupying as it does the key position with relation to other Communions, it is urged to recognize and discharge its eirenic vocation in the Christian world, first by synthetizing its own external differences, and then by presenting and commending a common and catholic ground upon which a united Christianity may build anew its hope.

The appendix, containing all the most important Anglican proposals for an approach towards unity, from the first Lambeth Quadrilateral to the recent *Lambeth Declaration on the Reunion of Christendom: An Appeal to all Christian People*, enables one,

in connection with Dr. Manning's own words, to secure, as nowhere else, a comprehensive view of the best thought of the Episcopal Church on this vital problem.

The ease and grace of Dr. Manning's style add materially to the pleasure with which one reads this little volume, and indicate a clarity of vision, a sanity of judgment, and a sweet reasonableness of temper which are altogether admirable, but too often lacking in the discussion of this absorbing subject.

W. H. D.

A HARMONY OF THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS IN GREEK. By Ernest De Witt Burton and Edgar Johnson Goodspeed. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1920.

Last year the authors laid students of the first three Gospels under great obligations by publishing their *Harmony of the Synoptic Gospels for Historical and Critical Study* (Scribners). Now this service is capped by the present admirably equipped volume. Rushbrook's *Synopticon* is too cumbrous and complicated for general use, and Wright's *Synopsis of the Gospels in Greek* lacks the mechanical conveniences of the present volume.

The text is that of Westcott and Hort, with its marginal readings.

T. P. B.

FIFTY CONTEMPORARY ONE-ACT PLAYS. Selected and Edited by Frank Shay and Pierre Loving. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. 1920. Pp. viii, 582.

MANSIONS. By Hildegard Flanner. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. 1920. Pp. 38.

HEARTS TO MEND. By Harry A. Overstreet. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. 1920. Pp. 28.

The editors have shown much enthusiasm and some skill and discernment in selecting and arranging the fifty plays which comprise their portly one-act anthology. Copyright difficulties, no doubt, will account for regrettable absences and exclusions. France, Great Britain and Ireland might all be better represented, while America is over-represented, to the detriment of what is really worthy in its dramatic programme and able in its performance. The allocation of twenty-two plays to the American

section as against twenty-eight to the rest of the world betrays a lack of critical proportion. Mr. Loving, indeed, appears to feel this somewhat, and places especial emphasis in his rather wordy introduction upon "the renascence that is gradually taking place in the American theatre". He goes on to speak of—

"a younger generation of dramatists, which is achieving its most notable work outside the beaten path of popular recognition, in small dramatic juntos [*sic*] and in the little theatres."

But is this work at the periphery really symptomatic of any true renascence quality observable at the centre or in the circle at large? The American—indeed the Anglo-Saxon—theatre of to-day, with its 'star' system, its ugly pornography and its commercialization, is hardly likely to be redeemed by dissatisfied dilettantes, however clean and clever their productions. Gordon Craig, Granville Barker and Winthrop Ames have diagnosed and prescribed, accurately and acutely enough, but to us the patient seems still largely intractable.

Mr. Loving properly prides his colleague and himself, however, on the inclusion of some of the less well-known and less accessible foreign plays. Good work is reproduced here from the plays of Schnitzler, Maeterlinck, More (Bolivia), Ancey, de Porto-Riche, Wedekind, Bennett, Cannan, Crocker, Lady Gregory, Speenhoff, Biro, Giacosa, Andreyev, Tchekov, Benevente, Strindberg and Wied, while of the American contributors Lewis Beach, Susan Glaspell, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Philip Moeller and Eugene G. O'Neill are perhaps the most worth while. We are glad to note two plays from the Yiddish, by Sholom Asch and David Pinski, respectively. Mr. Shay supplies a useful bibliography of the Little Theatre.

Of the two one-act plays—*Mansions* and *Hearts to Mend*—the latter is easily the more workmanlike. It is a graceful and symbolic fantasy touching the up-and-down variations in romantic love. As Claudius has it in *Hamlet*:—

"There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still. . . ."

The *motif* of *Mansions* is the conflict between youth's hope of the future and age's contentment with the past. Its characters are recognizable, but its psychology in the crisis-moment is unsound, which is the more regrettable in that the necessary but difficult telescoping of rise and fall is, in itself, well done.

G. H. C.

COAL, IRON AND WAR: A STUDY IN INDUSTRIALISM, PAST AND FUTURE. By Edwin C. Eckel. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1920. Pp. 375.

Much time has passed since Matthew Arnold deplored the preoccupation of many Englishmen with the possible exhaustion of the coal supply and the consequences to their country's greatness. The staunchest supporter of Arnold's ideals to-day could not deny the vital importance of that question. Only a country whose life is purely agricultural can effect a measure of indifference to the shifting of the world's coal and iron centres, and not even a purely agricultural country can escape the secondary results of such shifts. Mr. Eckel is no alarmist, no propagandist for conservation, but while he foresees no scarcity of the bases of industry for many generations, he presents facts which are significant for the economic balance of power in the near future.

Coal, Iron and War comprises a brief summary of industrial history since the middle eighteenth century, an analysis of the situation to-day, and an application of the facts so arrived at to an understanding of the possibilities of the future.

In the way of history the volume contributes little that is new to one acquainted with the general features of industrial progress, although in the brief treatment of the World War the author shows the importance of certain facts as yet hardly mentioned by historical writers; for example, the unfortunate consequences of the withdrawal of the French armies behind the frontier just prior to the declaration of war, and the stupendous industrial results of the early German victories, together with the reflection that the Mesopotamian campaign "was the one sound commercial enterprise of the World War". (p. 130.)

In the analysis of present conditions, as elsewhere, the scope of the book is broader than the title indicates, for the author

not only goes in much detail into the existing mineral resources of continents and nations, but gives extended consideration to prevailing types of organization in industrial enterprises, to the bearing of the labor movement upon the future of industry, and to the significance of the state's relation to industry under different governmental policies.

Mr. Eckel's treatment of past and present is so careful and so open-minded that his ventures into prophecy merit serious respect. In contrast with Mr. Henry Adams, who fairly expected to see the world fly off upon some wild and incalculable tangent about the year 1921, Mr. Eckel expects movement in the same direction as in years past, but at appreciably lower velocities. In such vital matters as population and iron production, he thinks, the peak of acceleration has been passed, and we may expect that both will slacken to a rate of progress more in accord with that obtaining prior to the Industrial Revolution. But in the location of centres of industrialism and of progress, a change is bound to come, induced by the enormous mineral resources of Eastern Asia. The true "Yellow Peril" he sees not in invasion or immigration but in industrial competition based on the coal and iron of China. The danger, one gathers, is of more immediate concern to Europe than to us. We are pretty securely entrenched behind forty per cent. of the world's coal supply and a large though by no means inexhaustible reserve of iron ore. Our petroleum supply, however, is nearing depletion, and the author ventures, in this connection, the disconcerting prediction that, "barring some unforeseen development, we may be in the embarrassing position, during our next war, of asking British permission before our battleships can go to sea". (p. 131).

In discussing the chances of permanent peace Mr. Eckel is far from sanguine. Though recognizing that no war under modern conditions can well prove profitable to a nation entering it, he sees in the sharpening of industrial competition an almost insuperable obstacle to a peaceful future.

The following passage, which the author develops elsewhere more at length, may well be pondered by all who see in democracy a guarantee of general peace:—

"The seriousness of the matter arises from the fact that the chief incentives to future war, which we see even now exposed, are economic and industrial; that they involve the great industrial nations; and that democracies are peculiarly liable to undertake war as a relief from economic pressure." (p. 368).

JULIUS W. PRATT.

United States Naval Academy.

THE LIFE OF ADMIRAL MAHAN. By Charles Carlisle Taylor. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1920. Pp. xiii, 359.

Very few Americans in recent years have rivalled Admiral A. T. Mahan in depth or breadth of influence. The publication in 1890 of *The Influence of Sea Power upon History* marked the beginning of an era in naval policies the world over. Future historians must be left to appraise the value of this influence. The facts most obvious at present are that our own policies of navy building and territorial expansion have been profoundly altered in harmony with Mahan's teaching, and that the adoption of his philosophy by Germany inaugurated a period of unprecedented naval rivalry.

Mr. Charles Carlisle Taylor, the English author of this first biography of Mahan, has done valuable work in assembling important material for an estimate of the writer's ideas and influence. Such material is comprised in many letters of Mahan himself and significant extracts from his writing, and in such illuminating comments as that of Mr. Andrew D. White upon Mahan's part in the First Hague Conference (p. 100) and the Kaiser's telegram to Poultney Bigelow remarking that he was "devouring Captain Mahan's book" (*The Influence of Sea Power upon History*) and adding: "It is on board all my ships and constantly quoted by my captains and officers". (p. 131). There are, on the other hand, many quotations from seemingly irrelevant or insignificant letters and remarks. The author gives the impression of having tried to assemble everything that any person, small or great, had said about Admiral Mahan.

But, if Mr. Taylor is sometimes indiscriminating in his selection of material, he is still more deficient when he attempts to

deliver any real interpretation of Mahan's philosophy and of its historical results. He lacks entirely, one judges, the calm, philosophical type of mind which so distinguished the subject of his biography and which is so essential to an adequate interpretation. A case in point is his treatment of Mahan's stand at the First Hague Conference on the use of asphyxiating gases. After relating the refusal of the American delegation, upon Mahan's insistence, to agree to the clause of the convention barring this practice, and explaining that Mahan was unwilling to renounce a weapon of as yet unproved possibilities, Mr. Taylor comments: "Anyone who know him would appreciate, that in the light of the information which has come to us of the inhuman character of these gases and of the horrible suffering which the use of them entails, he would have been the last man to advocate their employment." (p. 96). Mr. Taylor fails to see, what Mahan saw so clearly, that no weapon of major military effectiveness is in the least likely to remain untried in a life-and-death struggle between the great Powers.

Again, when Mr. Taylor discusses the bearing of Mahan's teaching upon the outcome of the World War, he misses a connection of events which seems plain enough. While crediting to Mahan both the German naval expansion and the British realization of the vital necessity of maintaining their "margin of naval strength", he fails to point out that but for the German attempt to outbuild England—begun shortly after the publication of Mahan's great book—there would have been no sufficient motive for the British *rapprochement* with France in 1904 and with Russia in 1907, that English feeling for Germany might well have continued friendly, and that Germany might have been left free to establish her predominance on the continent. If this broader view be taken, then in a larger sense than Mr. Taylor hints at, Mahan deserves credit for the downfall of Germany,—deserves it just to the extent, that is, that German interest in sea power grew out of his writing. From this point of view the acceptance of Mahanism was the first step toward Germany's destruction.

Perhaps in this bit of history the American public might find a strong concrete argument for the international policy which

Mahan regarded as of paramount importance and which his biographer commendably emphasizes. Mahan never tired of pointing to the growth of friendship between Great Britain and America, to the fundamental similarity in ideals upon which this friendship was based, and to the enormous value to the two nations and to the world at large of the continuance of such amicable relations. "In the cordial coöperation of the two great Anglo-Saxon Naval Powers", says Mr. Taylor, "he saw a pledge of universal peace." In spite of numerous shortcomings, Mr. Taylor's book is to be welcomed as an effective argument for Anglo-American concord.

JULIUS W. PRATT.

United States Naval Academy.

UNCLE MOSES. By Sholom Asch. Translated from the Yiddish by Isaac Goldberg. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1920. Pp. 238.

NUMBER THIRTY. By Edward A. Jonas. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. 1920. Pp. 348.

The Jew in fiction and in drama has long possessed a flavor of mystery and romance, as in Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta*, Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*, Scott's *Ivanhoe*, George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda*, Dickens's *Our Mutual Friend* and *Oliver Twist*, and Eugène Sue's *The Wandering Jew*. But we can hardly regard even the best of these works, however we may admire their imaginative power, as satisfactory contributions to racial psychology. Indeed, Mr. Jonas declares, in the words of his character Mr. Pinto:—

"The Jew in fiction—in English fiction, I mean,—is a wholly conventional creation, angel or devil—man, never, and about as much Jew as Montesquieu's Persians are Persian."

From this too general condemnation, however, we should except Amy Levy's *Reuben Sachs*, Israel Zangwill's *The Children of the Ghetto*, *Ghetto Tragedies*, *Dreamers of the Ghetto*, etc., and Joseph I. Kraszewski's Polish story, *The Jew*, available in translation. Lessing, too, has 'seen' the Jew, and Disraeli has not unsuccessfully interpreted his genius.

Both of the present novels also are real contributions to our understanding of the Jew. They are knowledgeable and they have psychological importance. The method of both is realistic, the authors are writing at first-hand, and they show us their chief subjects at unusually close range. Mr. Asch's central figure is an old Polish Jew living on the East Side of New York, Mr. Jonas's a young English Jew moving in London, Paris and Toronto, seen first as a mere boy and afterwards as an adolescent.

Sholom Asch is an author whose questioning spirit and vivid delineations of character have already brought him recognition. In *Meri*, *The Road to Self*, *Mottke the Vagabond*, *The Sinner* and *The God of Vengeance*, he has made valuable contributions to the Yiddish literary revival inaugurated by such men as Abramovitch, Rabinovitch and Peretz. In *Uncle Moses* his insight seems to have become keener and his dramatic power more assured. We follow here the story of Moses Melnick, a Polish-American who, having 'succeeded' in New York, brings over virtually all the able workers of his native village, Kuzmin, and organizes them into a tribe of garment-makers who look solely to him for income, counsel, benevolence and adjudication of all their disputes and difficulties. We are given frequent contacts with several of these figures, notably Sam, Uncle Moses's chief assistant; Aaron, his eventual father-in-law; Rosa, Aaron's wife; and Masha, their daughter; Charlie, an aggressive young socialist; Berrel, Gndel, and others. The story recounts the course of Uncle Moses's business-building, his long courtship of Masha, the tragedy of their marriage, and the inevitable catastrophe. The chapters on "Brother Berrel and his Family", "'The American' in America", "Kuzmin Townsfolk", "America and the Jew", "Kuzmin Goes Out on Strike", and the last chapter, "Alone", which contains a series of dissolving views of the mind and soul of an old, futile, stricken man, are powerfully revealing and significant. Dr. Isaac Goldberg's work as translator is, as usual, well done.

In point of method, as we have said, both the novels under review are realistic, but in point of pure style *Number Thirty* is much the more urbane and subtle, suggesting indeed Thackeray

and De Morgan as Mr. Jonas's congeners. The plot is rather tangential, there are several tempting meanders left unexplored, and there is too much crowding in of characters. But the hero, "Chivvy", is a creation, while Arnold Fox and his wife, Uncle Marcus, Mr. Pinto, Mr. Rawson and his sister, and Germaine are also skilfully drawn. The history of the little Jewish lad, Fox's stepson, is followed through misgivings and misadventures at home and at school, into early manhood with its pleasant dangers and proud revolts. The author observes the fine soul of his very human hero with affectionate fidelity, and sets down Chivvy's reactions to intellectual and spiritual problems and to his several environments with living humor and sympathy. The value of the novel is heightened by the intimate account of the "Shobbos" observances in a Jewish home; the wise, engaging asides; the occasional glimpses of shadowy signposts marking the direction of the tale; and the occurrence of many striking phrases colored with the author's original personality, such as "spoken hieroglyphics" (referring to certain specimens of slang) and "a . . . well-appointed home above reproach and entrenched in Britannicity".

It is natural enough in these days of international politics and of Zionism that there should be a recrudescence of interest in the Jew, and it is well that that interest should be guided by such tolerant, perceptive analyses as these two novels contain.

G. H. C.

THE FIRST QUARTO EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Frank G. Hubbard. Madison: University of Wisconsin Studies in Language and Literature, Number 8. 1920. Pp. 120.

A good case is made by Dr. Hubbard in this ably organized monograph for the authenticity of the First Quarto (Q_1) of *Hamlet*. It has long been the belief of scholars that Q_1 is either a corruption of the fuller, richer version represented by the Second Quarto (Q_2) and the First Folio (F_1), or, preferably, as more weighty opinion inclines to hold, that, if a piracy at all, it is based upon a preliminary sketch or draft which may or may not have been Shakespeare's work throughout. It is known, of course, through

Nash's *Epistle* prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon* (1589), an entry in Henslowe's *Diary* for June 9, 1594, and an allusion in Lodge's *Wit's miserie, and the World's madnesse* (1596) that a *Hamlet* of the familiar 'Revenge' type existed at least as early as 1589, and the evidence that the author of this pre-Shakespearean play was Thomas Kyd has been painstakingly worked out by Gregor Sarrazin in *Thomas Kyd und sein Kreis*. Henslowe's entry shows that this play had come into the hands of the Lord Chamberlain's company by 1594, and we may reasonably infer that Shakespeare adopted its general scheme or outline for the planning and building of his own *Tragicall Historie*. Indeed, Messrs. Clark and Wright, in their *Preface to Hamlet* (Clarendon Press Series), think that *Q*₁ actually contains unmodified portions of the text of the pre-Shakespearean play. They believe that—

"there was an old play on the story of Hamlet, some portions of which are still preserved in *Q*₁; that about the year 1602 Shakespeare took this and began to remodel it for the stage, as he had done with other plays; that *Q*₁ represents the play after it had been retouched by him to a certain extent, but before his alterations were complete; and that in *Q*₂ we have for the first time the *Hamlet* of Shakespeare. . . . We venture to think that a close examination of *Q*₁ will convince anyone that it contains some of Shakespeare's undoubted work, mixed with a great deal that is not his, and will confirm our theory that the text, imperfect as it is, represents an older play in a transition state, while it was undergoing a remodelling, but had not received more than the first rough touches of the great master's hand."

Against the theory of piracy and the allotment of *Q*₁ to the 'bad' quartos by Mr. A. W. Pollard and others, Dr. Hubbard urges that neither the publishers (Nicholas Ling and John Trundell) nor the printer (presumably Valentine Sims or Symmes) have been shown to be men of questionable character; that the 'pirates' would hardly have taken ten months or more (the interval between entry* and publication) for their task; that Ling's

*James Roberts entered other Shakespearean plays which he did not publish, and *Q*₁ cannot have been printed by "pirates who were trying to anticipate publication by Roberts". (p. 23).

publication of Q_2 , admittedly regular, is corroborative evidence of regularity in the case of Q_1 ; that nothing unauthentic appears upon the title-page of Q_1 ; that the more obvious textual corruptions of Q_1 are attributable to compositors' errors, and that there is no positive evidence of the lacunae, dislocation, patching, inconsistencies, etc., which are to be expected in a pirated text; that Q_1 really satisfies Mr. Pollard's criteria of a 'good' quarto in that it has no division into acts and scenes nor long stage directions, and does have one imperative stage direction. Furthermore, Q_1 makes only two errors in the assignment of speeches, while in the play within the play the characters are more correctly named in the stage directions and part assignments than is true of the other versions. Dr. Hubbard proves, we think, that the contention of Curt Dewischeit and others that the 'pirates' must have used Timothy Bright's 'characterie' system of shorthand is entirely unsupported by evidence.

Three arguments of especial value developed by Dr. Hubbard are that Q_1 is a complete play; that its dramatic action is strong and effective (as Knight observed); and that "in passages where inconsistencies might easily occur they are not found". He sustains the third of these points very capably. All three make strongly for authenticity and later revision, although the revisionists appear sometimes to have been over-affected by the corruption theories of Collier and his group.

Dr. Hubbard concludes his Introduction with the assertion that the significance of some of his evidences is the greater for their smallness. They indicate accuracy, as he shrewdly says,—

"and accuracy is a note of authenticity. Perfect accuracy and completeness is not to be expected in such a text as that of Q_1 . But much inaccuracy and some incompleteness may be found in such a text without warranting the conclusion that it is 'stolen and surreptitious', pirated.

"All that has been set forth here to establish a good character for the First Quarto cannot, of course, prove anything with regard to the manner in which the manuscript came into the hands of the publishers, but it does, I believe, establish a strong presumption that Ling and Trundell obtained it in a regular manner by purchase from the Lord Chamberlain's (King's) men. It is possible that it does not

represent the version of the play that was on the stage at the time that the manuscript was acquired by the publishers, but even if this were true, it would not follow that it represents a version that was never performed. About a year after the publication of *Q*₁ Ling brought out, in *Q*₂, another version of the play, which he apparently obtained in a regular way by purchase from the King's men. If he dealt honestly with the players in this case, it is a fair presumption that he did so when he acquired the text of *Q*₁; that he was not then a dishonest pirate; that the text of *Q*₁ came to him directly from the actors' company that owned the play; that it is not a piracy." (pp. 35-36).

The text of *Q*₁, as edited by Dr. Hubbard, has been altered in punctuation and spelling, and there are other slighter modernizations. The line-division has been changed wherever apparently necessary to restore the original metre. These line-variations are, however, indicated in the footnotes. The reader may now receive, accordingly, a direct impression of the value of the First Quarto in point of coherence and dramatic power. G. H. C.

SPENSER'S DEFENSE OF LORD GREY. By H. S. V. Jones. Urbana: University of Illinois Studies in Language and Literature. Vol. V, No. 3. 1919. Pp. 75.

The style of this monograph is heavy, the development of the argument is slow, and the thought at times is labyrinthine. It has the ear-marks of many of our otherwise excellent graduate research papers. So ponderous is it that one regrets that there is no master mind to present more clearly this essay with its excellent theory and scholarly approach.

The content is really excellent. Dr. Jones's theory is that Spenser belonged to a cult of nationalism and tolerance existing at that time not only in England but also in France, a fellowship of minds that believed somewhat alike regarding religious tolerance, such minds as those of Hooker, Jewel, Gabriel Harvey, Michel de l'Hôpital, François de la Noue, and Jean Bodin, all of whom, in the author's theory, influenced Spenser. Perhaps this step in the argument is weak. Regarding the French writers he asks:—

"May we not safely conclude that Spenser was well acquainted with the most distinguished political treatise of his time [Bodin's *Republic*], seeing that it was in vogue among his fellow-collegians and the work of an author particularly affected by his friend Harvey? Nor is it unlikely that he was acquainted with the works of de l'Hôpital and de la Noue. It is not necessary for me to prove such knowledge, since my study (at least as far as these writers are concerned) is one in literary environment rather than in immediate literary sources."

In asserting that Spenser was no lover of Machiavelli, Dr. Jones supplies us with more conclusive proof. Another asset of the study is his admirable tact in treating the fury of Roman Catholic and Protestant elements in the "Wild Irish" problem of Queen Elizabeth's day. At the end, one has the impression that he has handled his subject with a scholar's open mind. Hence his conclusion carries weight: the conviction that the Spenser who wrote the *Faerie Queene* was not a changed man when he wrote his *View of the Present State of Ireland*; that this Spenser was neither a lover of Machiavelli nor a bigoted Protestant, but that he was a broad-minded, tolerant nationalist, like many of the Elizabethans, and a practical idealist.

L. W. F.

SPAIN'S DECLINING POWER IN SOUTH AMERICA, 1730-1806. By Bernard Moses. Berkeley: University of California Press. 1919. Pp. xx, 440. with index.

Professor Moses has succeeded in producing an able and interesting review of the social and political history of South America during a formative period. Although necessarily somewhat impressionistic in treatment, it shows with sufficient clearness and conclusiveness the evil consequences of centuries of Spanish misrule, a failure in colonial administration due partly to the remoteness of the home government, partly to the priority of Spain in colonial expansion—other nations have profited by her mistakes—and the inability of so many of the Spanish viceroys to learn anything from their own experience under conditions so different from what they wished or would have enjoyed at home. Unfortunate, too, was the alienation of the native-born by the assumption of superiority on the part of the Span-

ish-born, thus undermining the social loyalty of the Creoles; but the crowning blunder was the expulsion of the Jesuits and the consequent withdrawal of a salutary influence,—a step that estranged the Indians, who made up the larger part of the population. The bad effects of this, however, might have been outgrown by a more homogeneous society (a similar measure the people of Japan have never had reason to regret), or if there had been even an elementary knowledge of economics anywhere in administrative circles strong enough to make itself effective in bringing about the much needed-reforms. Premature uprisings, plots betrayed, increasing unrest could but follow, which, meeting with other streams of anti-governmental feeling, resulted in the complete separation of the South American possessions from the Spanish crown. The book is very readable and should be a pleasant means of adding to the general knowledge of that South America which is still so little known in the United States. Not the least valuable feature of the book is the good index.

J. B. E.

AMERICAN POLITICAL IDEALS: STUDIES IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF AMERICAN POLITICAL THOUGHT—1865-1917. By Charles Edward Merriam. New York; The Macmillan Company. 1920. Pp. 481.

Readers familiar with Professor Merriam's standard work, *A History of American Political Theories* (1903), will be glad to welcome this continuation—a work of sound scholarship, and yet a veritable 'tract for the times'. Here Wilson and Roosevelt stand side by side in cool objective comradeship.

Now that the American people are showing some signs of recovery from their recent repudiation of Woodrow Wilson, it may not be amiss to quote some sentences from Professor Merriam's summary of Wilson's *Mere Literature* (1896):—

"Through Wilson's political theory runs an unusual note in American political philosophy—the reaction from the formal and mechanical to the human and social.

"'I do not find that I derive inspiration, but only information', said he, 'from the learned historians and analysts of liberty, but from the sonnetteers, the poets, who speak its spirit and its exalted purpose—who, recking nothing of the

historical method, obey only the high method of their own hearts—what may a man not gain of courage and confidence, in the right way of politics? There is more of a nation's politics to be got out of its poetry than out of all of its systematic writers upon public affairs and constitutions. Epics are better mirrors of manners than chronicles; dramas often may let you into the secrets of statutes. [Compare Emerson's remark: "Wisdom is not to be found in metaphysics, but in the sonnet or the play."] It is not knowledge that moves the world, but ideals, convictions, the opinions or fancies that have been held or followed. Their primal relations are not independent of their way of living, and their way of thinking is the mirror of their way of living."

Dr. Merriam is Professor of Political Science in the University of Chicago. He agrees with Wilson that Lincoln was the "supreme American".

T. P. B.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE PLEBISCITE IN THE DETERMINATION OF SOVEREIGNTY. By Johannes Mattern. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1920. Pp. ix, 214.

This timely monograph is one of the well-known Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science.

The purpose of the book is thus succinctly stated in the preface:—

"The present study aims to estimate the evolutionary momentum of the doctrine actually applied, in so far as it is traceable through the mass of alleged or genuine precedents of ancient, feudal, and modern times, and to consider the theoretical and practical aspects of the subject from the point of view of international and constitutional law in the light of more recent development."

The author, who is assistant librarian at Johns Hopkins, records the publication of Miss Wambaugh's *Monograph on Plebiscites* by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace after the present article had gone to press. Miss Wambaugh's "more than a thousand pages contain an historical summary, a detailed account of the plebiscites recorded, and a collection of documents comprising more than two-thirds of the volume", and

cover the Plebiscite in the French Revolution, in Italy, and the period from the nineteenth century to the beginning of the World War.

The book has a bibliography and an index.

T. P. B.

THE CONNECTICUT WITS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Henry Augustin Beers. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1920. Pp. 262.

The Professor of English Literature, Emeritus, at Yale, writes here as always with a wise instinct and gracious style. While it is difficult to approve of several of his opinions and deductions, yet we find these set down with such sincerity and originality as half to disarm opposition.

Professor Beers has included in this little volume eleven essays and lectures, among the best of which are *The Connecticut Wits*, *Emerson's Journals*, *The Art of Letter Writing*, *Thackeray's Centenary*, *The Poetry of the Cavaliers* and *Milton's Tercentenary*. His manner is full of the charm that attaches to the distillations of a rich life made richer by scholarship and intellectual achievement.

THE GREY ROOM. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1921. Pp. 266.

The day of the mystery story does not seem to wane. When a really able author like Eden Phillpotts decides to try his hand at the *genre*, the result, if disappointing when compared with his seriously artistic work, is much superior to the outworn devices and mechanisms of the conventional 'thriller'. Mr. Phillpotts puts a good deal of human life and character into this story, and employs a plot which, however fantastic, is horrible enough for the most insatiable taste in this kind, and which he takes pains to make seem satisfactorily plausible.